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NOV. 20, 1957  
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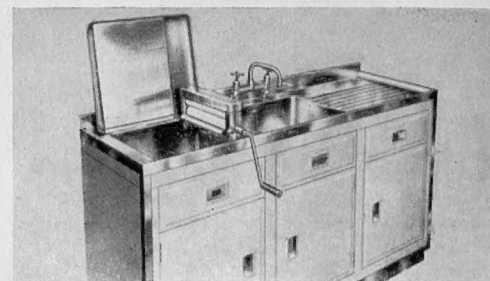
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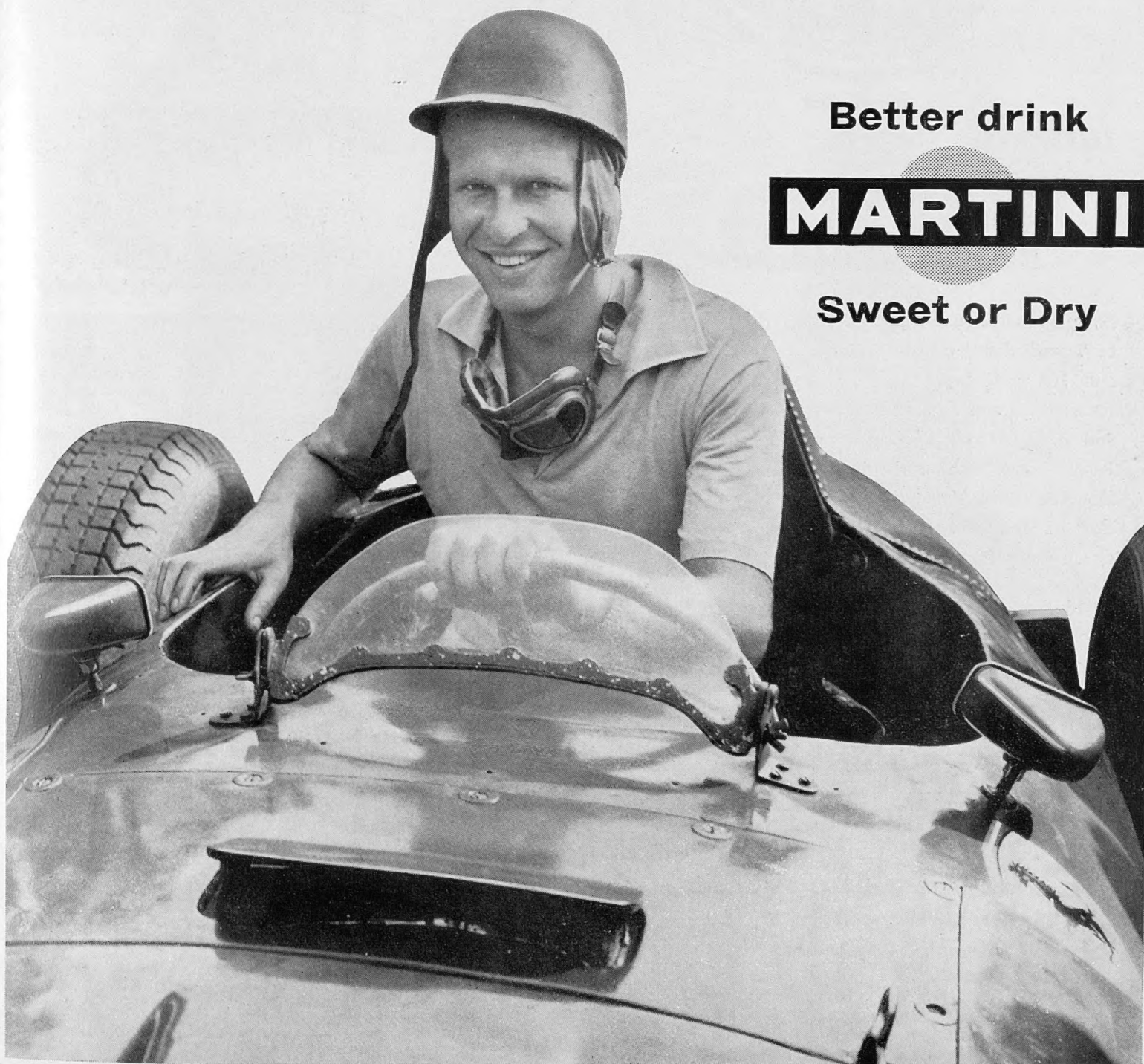
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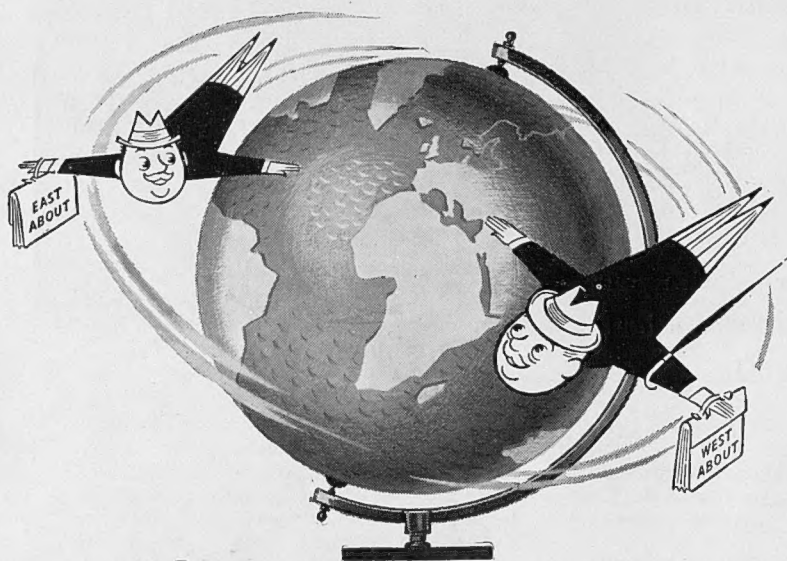
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MISS NATASHA PARRY is the beautiful actress wife of Peter Brook, whose brilliant productions, particularly of Shakespeare, have done so much to revive the English theatre in the past few years. Miss Parry has recently been at Pinewood working on the new Rank film *Windom's Way*, co-starring Peter Finch and Mary Ure. Mr. Brook is planning a new production, starring Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, which will be coming to London in the New Year. Colour photograph by Tony Armstrong Jones

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 20 to November 27

**Nov. 20 (Wed.)** Princess Margaret will attend a tea party in aid of the Not Forgotten Association, at the R.A.F. Club, Piccadilly.

Y.M.C.A. Fair at Londonderry House, opening at 11 a.m.

Exhibition of Royal Society of Portrait Painters private view (open to the public from 21st to December 21) Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

Amateur Boxing Association v. Poland at Wembley. Preview: *Flowering Cherry*, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, starring Ralph Richardson and Celia Johnson, in aid of Gosfield Hall.

Florence Nightingale Hospital Ball at the Park Lane Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Kempton Park.

**Nov. 21 (Thu.)** Exhibition of photographs held by the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments (England) at the Victoria and Albert Museum (until the end of January, 1958).

Concert: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Raphael Kubelik, at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Steeplechasing at Kempton Park and Uttoxeter.

**Nov. 22 (Fri.)** Lady Dorothy Macmillan will open the fifth Scottish Gathering and Sale in aid of the Royal Caledonian Schools at the Drill Hall of the London Scottish, 59 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, at 3 p.m. (open on 23rd from 11.30 a.m.).

"500" Ball in aid of the British Rheumatic Association at Claridge's.

Brompton Ball in aid of the Brompton Ward of the Conservative Association.

Steeplechasing at Sandown Park and Doncaster.

**Nov. 23 (Sat.)** Steeplechasing at Sandown Park, Doncaster, Newcastle and Worcester.

**Nov. 24 (Sun.)** Dame Myra Hess will give a recital of music by Mozart, Beethoven, Bach and Schubert at the Royal Festival Hall.

**Nov. 25 (Mon.)** Princess Margaret will attend a special performance of *Flowering Cherry*, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in aid of the Family Welfare Association.

Annual Ball of the Stars Organization for Spastics, in aid of a holiday home for spastic children, at Grosvenor House.

Steeplechasing at Fontwell Park and Wolverhampton.

**Nov. 26 (Tue.)** The Queen will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

The Duchess of Kent will be present at a musical At Home at the Fishmongers' Hall in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association.

Princess Alexandra will attend the annual ball of the County of London branch of the British Red Cross Society, at the Dorchester.

First night: *Requiem For A Nun*, at the Royal Court Theatre.

Annual dinner and ball of the West Ham Boys' and Amateur Boxing Club at the Savoy.

Steeplechasing at Wolverhampton.

**Nov. 27 (Wed.)** The Queen and Prince Philip will attend a reception at the British Museum.

International Folk Dancing at the Royal Albert Hall.

Dance: Mrs. Owen Hugh Smith for her niece, Miss Judith Abel Smith, and Mrs. John Buxton, for her daughter, Miss Penelope Buxton, in London.

Canadian Women's Club Annual Maple Leaf Ball at the Dorchester.

Ball of the Future at the May Fair Hotel.

Steeplechasing at Windsor and Haydock Park.

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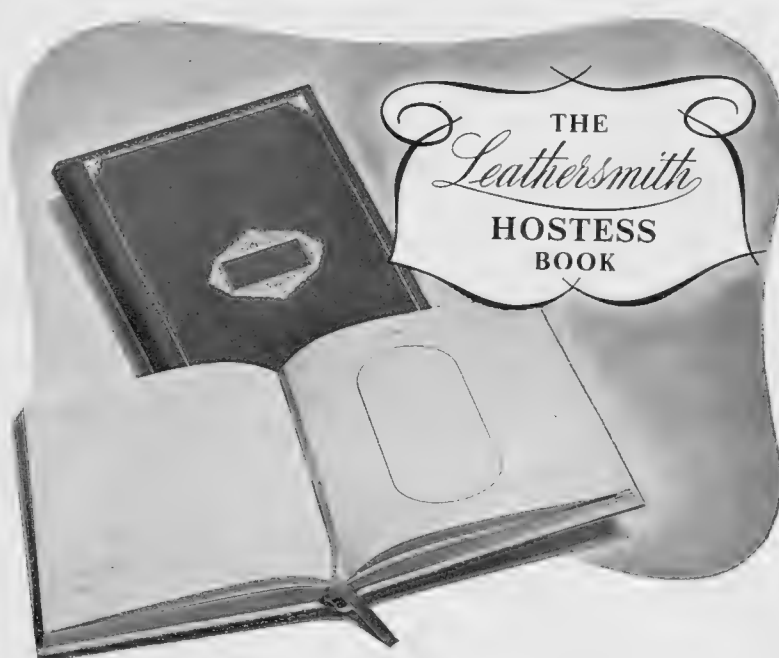
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Barry Swaeb

## Mr. John Eden, M.P., and his fiancée

MISS BELINDA JANE PASCOE, the daughter of Sir John and Lady Pascoe, of Broomhill, Spratton, Northamptonshire, announced her engagement this month to Mr. John Benedict Eden, M.P., the son of Sir Timothy Eden, Bt.,

and Lady Eden, of Fritham House, Lyndhurst, Hants. Mr. Eden, who is seen with his fiancée at his flat in Lowndes Square, is the Conservative M.P. for Bournemouth West, and a nephew of Sir Anthony. Miss Pascoe was a 1956 debutante



## A BALL AT TIDWORTH

THE ANDOVER DIVISION of the British Red Cross Society held its annual Ball at Tidworth House, Tidworth, recently. Two hundred guests danced to the music of Tommy Kinsman and his band, and many tried their luck at the tombola



*Mrs. Brittorous, President of the Andover Division of the B.R.C.S., Lady Jordan and Brig. F. G. R. Brittorous*

Van Hallan



*Air Marshal Sir Richard Jordan, Mrs. Phipps and Maj.-Gen. H. C. Phipps*



*Capt. Neil Nicholson and Miss Grace O'Connor*



*Miss Linda May partnered by Mr. Struan Wiley*



*Miss Elizabeth Peto with Mr. P. J. Hughes Reckitt*



*Mr. R. Opperman, Miss Sophie Wood and Miss Clarinda Trethowan*



*Mr. Barry Searle talking to Miss Iris Vaile*



*Mrs. J. Watkins, Mrs. Clark and Mr. F. R. Clark*



## THE COUNTESS OF GUILFORD

WIFE of the ninth Earl of Guilford, whom she married in Canterbury Cathedral in September, 1956, the Countess lives on the Waldershare Park estate, near Dover, which her husband farms. Lady Guilford, who was formerly Miss Osyth Napier Leeston, takes a keen interest in all country activities



F. J. Goodman

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

# THE QUEEN MEETS DIPLOMATS

THE fine State Ballroom, Music Room and other reception rooms of Buckingham Palace were the scene of a gracious and elegant occasion when the Queen and Prince Philip gave an evening Presentation Party for the Diplomatic Corps. A regimental band played soft music, and guests had all assembled when the Royal party made their way slowly through the rooms, frequently stopping to talk to their guests—the Queen a radiant figure in a heavily embroidered, deep cream satin dress and exquisite tiara and jewels, with Prince Philip, the Queen Mother in pink satin, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent in black with lovely diamonds. Her daughter Princess Alexandra was also present.

General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, presented many of the diplomatic guests. Most countries were represented, Norway by that beloved and charming couple, M. and Mme. Per Prebensen; he is the present Doyen. Mme. Prebensen looked very attractive in black velvet with a black tulle bow (incidentally all members of the Norwegian Embassy and their wives who were present wore black, as they are in mourning for the late King Haakon). The Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zeid al-Hussein, the latter wearing a superb pale pink satin dress with a train and her diamond tiara, brought her daughter Mme. Shirin, who wore a white satin sheath appliquéd with white velvet flowers.

The Cuban Ambassador and lovely Mme. Mendoza were also at the reception, the latter in white with a beautiful diamond tiara and necklace, while the Portuguese Ambassador Senhor Pedro Pereira brought his elder very charming daughter Mlle. Madalene Theotonio Pereira, who was also in white. Mrs. Jock Whitney who came with her husband, the United States Ambassador, made a strikingly beautiful

figure in white satin with an exquisite tiara of diamond leaves set in gold and a necklace to match.

The Peruvian Ambassador, Senor Rivera Schreiber, was accompanied by his lovely wife, who is always outstanding at any party, and wore a straight blue taffeta dress completely ruched, the panel at the back lined with velvet, and a magnificent diamond tiara, necklace and other jewels.

THE Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, who had rushed back from Wrexham, were greeting many friends. Sir Winston Churchill, sitting quietly, was also surrounded by old friends. The Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Kilmuir were there, also his predecessor as Lord Chancellor Lord Simonds, and Lady Simonds, the Marchioness of Reading whose husband is overseas on an official trip, Lady Harlech in deep red, Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, and Lady Hoyer Millar, his predecessor in that post and previously as our Ambassador in Western Germany Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, who had just been appointed head of the Independent Television Authority, and Lady Kirkpatrick, Lord and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, and Sir William and Lady Hayter.

Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb, over from Paris, were there, also Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, the latter wearing her aquamarine tiara with a pale blue dress, Earl and Countess Alexander of Tunis, she wearing her beautiful leaf design tiara, Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, Mary Duchess of Devonshire in pale blue with a superb tiara, Helen Duchess of Northumberland in saxe blue tulle, Countess Spencer in green satin, Mrs. Martin Charteris in a white dress without a tiara, the Countess of Euston, Mrs. Mulholland in red with a high tiara, and Sir Arthur Penn.





Betty Swache

MISS JILL BARBEZAT is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. John Hodgson of Buckland Common, Herts, and of the late Flying Officer Charles L. Barbezat. She was presented last year and shared a joint coming out dance

I ARRIVED rather late at a very good cocktail party which the Duke and Duchess of Argyll gave in their London house soon after the re-opening of Parliament. The lovely first floor drawing-room was crowded with friends including the Spanish Ambassador, the Italian Ambassador, and the Turkish Ambassador. The Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Kilmuir were talking to Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mr. Duncan Sandys looked in for a short while, and I met Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye who were off back to Scotland next morning, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, Sir Henry Channon, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Schwartz, and Sir Beverley and Lady Baxter.

Others I saw were Mr. Peter Coats, Lord and Lady Colyton, the Hon. Edward Ward and the Hon. Mrs. Ward, his brother the Hon. George Ward, the Minister for Air—who incidentally has a very pretty daughter making her début next year—and Mrs. Carmen Mesmore over on a short visit to London and Paris from New York where her husband runs the Knoedler Galleries with such great taste and knowledge. Friends visiting New York soon will be interested to hear that from December 3 Mr. Stavros Niarchos's fine collection of Impressionists will be on view at the Knoedler Galleries. The Niarchos pictures include the magnificent collection, one of the best in the world, that he bought from Edward G. Robinson. Among the superb paintings on view will be Picasso's "Black Clock," superb Renoirs and many other gems.

Two days after this party the Duke and Duchess of Argyll returned to their lovely home in Scotland, Inveraray Castle, where they spend much of the year.

★ ★ ★

H.E. SENHOR MONIZ DE ARAGAO and Senhora Donna Isabel Moniz de Aragao were two of the most popular personalities of the Diplomatic Corps when he was the Brazilian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's from 1940 to 1952, and it was a great joy to their many friends when they received the guests at the dinner-ball given in their honour by the Anglo-Brazilian Society, of which Senhor de Aragao is the Founder-President. Receiving with them were Senhor Antonio Castello Branco Filho, the Brazilian Minister-Counsellor, who is vice-chairman of the Society, Lt.-Col. W. F. Rhodes, the British vice-chairman, and Mrs. Rhodes. The ball, which was very glamorous, with many lovely and beautifully dressed South American ladies present, took place at the Dorchester. Among guests at the top table with the guests of honour were the Spanish Ambassador, the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber, the Argentine Ambassador and Señora Candiotti, the Dominican Ambassador and Señora de Thomen, Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, Mrs. Alastair Cameron, Mrs. Maria Luiza Arnold and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stirling.

Viscount and Viscountess Davidson had a party of eight, including Sir John Taylor, our Ambassador in Mexico from 1950 to 1954, and

now Director-General of the Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Councils, and Lady Taylor, and Sir Toby and Lady Low. The Earl of Cromer and his lovely wife were in another party, and others enjoying this very well-organized ball and dancing to a calypso as well as an ordinary dance band, were Sir Leslie and Lady Rowan who were in a party with Sir Hugh and Lady Casson, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Kerman, Col. Swan, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the latter in pale orchid mauve faille, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Blyth, Mr. Jocelyn Stevens and his wife who was looking exceptionally pretty in yellow, Miss Camilla Straight, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Ritchie, Mr. Peter and Lady Zinnia Comins, Mr. John Houlder, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbie Nothman, Mrs. Fortescue Whittle, wife of the well-known banker who worked in Brazil for many years and did much to further Anglo-Brazilian relations, Mr. Denys Burrell, who also spent many years in Brazil and is now the very hard-working administrative secretary of the Society, and Mrs. Burrell.

★ ★ ★

FROM Hampshire I hear of a very successful Red Cross dance which Lady Smiley ran entirely herself. In former years a much bigger ball has been organized by a committee, to raise funds for the Hampshire Branch of the British Red Cross Society. This year Major and Mrs. Brian Bonsor kindly lent their home Andwell Mill, near Basingstoke, and the ball was kept much smaller with only 150 guests, so that it was very exclusive; but as the tickets (which soon sold out) were more highly priced, the money for the B.R.C. was about the same. Dancing was in the large drawing-room and instead of the usual supper—which no one really wants as they all dine first at dinner parties in the district—there was a buffet with smoked salmon, oysters and Black Velvet, and breakfast dishes such as bacon and eggs, grilled sausages and kedgeriee.

Among those in the neighbourhood who came to support Lady Smiley's fine effort were the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury and their daughter Lady Nell Harris, Lord and Lady Chesham and their daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Lord and Lady Northbrook, Major the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Villiers and their daughter Caroline, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain the latter in a lovely short white satin dress embroidered in gold, Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Hoare who brought Sir Edward and Lady Goschen, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Holman (she looking enchanting in a long black tulle crinoline), Mr. and Mrs. Peter Adams who brought that charming American couple Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don, Lady Elizabeth Hornsby, and Mr. Hugh Rose and his lovely wife who wore a long dress of palest pink faille; they brought Sir Rhys Llewellyn and his sister-in-law Lady Honor Llewellyn.

Capt. and Mrs. Bobby Petre brought Sir George and Lady Usher who live in South Africa, and others present were Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Crichton-Stuart, Mrs. Richard Sharples, whose husband was away fulfilling a political engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Craig Harvey and of course Sir Hugh Smiley. Among the younger guests enjoying the dance, which went on until 3 a.m., were Mr. and Mrs. Giles Lascelles, her sister Miss Patricia Baring, Mr. Denis Mountain, Miss Anne-Louise Stockdale, Mr. John Fairbairn, Mr. Peter Wilmot-Sitwell and Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley's only



D. I. Innes

Miss June Kathryn Rutter recently celebrated her coming of age with a party at her home, Ellerker Hall, near Hull





*Miss Gisela Kutzschenbach selling gifts to Mrs. C. Peters and Mrs. Victor Rouse*

son Mr. John Smiley, who is now back from Germany where he has been serving with his regiment.

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BEFORE they left for their charming home out at Lyford Cay in Nassau, Major and Mrs. Andrew Holt gave a delightful cocktail party at Claridge's for Mrs. Holt's daughter Mrs. Thornley Hart, who had flown over from America for a week and was returning to New York by sea with her mother and stepfather. For attractive Canadian born Mrs. Thornley Hart, who as Joannie Johnston spent much of her girlhood days here, it was a great reunion of old friends. Among those who came to give her a big welcome were the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and her two sisters Countess Cadogan and Denise Lady Ebury, the Hon. Mrs. James Innes whose husband had only returned that day from a business trip to the U.S. and Canada where he had visited Mrs. Hart's father Mr. Richard Johnston in Montreal, Lady Lovat who was at school with Mrs. Hart, Lord Lovat who was in great form talking to his mother-in-law Vera Lady Broughton, and Lady Salmon and her son and daughter the Hon. Michael and the Hon. Clodagh Morris. I also met Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney talking to Sir Frederick and Lady Gentle, Lady Marks, Mrs. Jessica de Pass very chic in black, Capt. Herbert Buckmaster, Mr. Eddie Tatham, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, the latter looking most attractive in a short black velvet evening dress, Major and Mrs. Ian Karlake, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lenanton, that amusing actor Wilfred Hyde White and his wife, Lady Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams, Patricia Countess of Cottenham, Canadian Mr. and Mrs. Balfour Paul, American Mrs. John Hope Barton, and many more I have not space to mention.

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WHAT will be long remembered as the most amusing and most social charity event organized in London in the past twenty years, was the party arranged by Mrs. Gerald Legge to raise money for her Old People's Fund. Sir Alfred Bossom kindly lent his home in Carlton Gardens for the evening and everyone who took part or was present on this memorable occasion must be happy to know that well over £1,500 was raised for the Fund. The credit for this goes to Mrs. Legge and her mother Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, who helped considerably in organizing the party.

Mrs. Legge, who is one of the most decorative and glamorous of our "young marrieds" is also a very hard worker. Not only has she toiled indefatigably in the past year to raise money to give more happiness and enjoyment in life to old people, but she is also a very efficient Councillor of the City of Westminster, and has taken among other things a leading part in the planning and décor of new houses and blocks of flats in the poorer district there. At the same time she is a good mother; her two young sons are beautifully brought up, with charming manners, and she runs her home extremely well and entertains quite a lot.

This party was superbly organized. The cabaret, which was an amateur affair, never dragged for a moment, and provided great



## A CHRISTMAS FAIR

WELL-KNOWN personalities assisted at stalls at the 1957 Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel. Above, Mrs. Gerald Legge, who opened the Fair with Mrs. Humphrey Atkins, chairman



*The Hon. Lady Becher with Mrs. Eion Merry*



*Miss E. Collins and the Hon. Mrs. T. Brand*



*Miss Sarah Nairn and Miss Anna Massey*



*Desmond O'Neill  
Lady Strathalmond and Mrs. Charles Parr*





F. J. Goodman

LADY ABERDARE, daughter of Sir John and Lady Dashwood, is the wife of the fourth Baron, formerly the Hon. Morys Bruce. The Aberdares have two sons

amusement to all present—not least, I think, to those taking part.

A huge marquee with electric fires and the walls lined with fine tapestries (which had been used for a political party a few nights before) was built out over the garden, and had a dance floor in the centre with tables arranged all round. Mrs. Legge, looking a picture in a green and silver crinoline, received the guests as they entered. There was a tombola just inside the house, ably run by Mrs. Taft. The big diversion of the evening—the cabaret—began with "The Débutantes' Dilemma," compered in a very gay and amusing way by the Earl of Carnarvon. Taking part in this were Miss Gail Clyde, Miss Joan Lawton and the Hon. Sheelin Maxwell, who were representing typists, Miss Jacqueline Ansley, Miss Penny d'Erlanger and Miss Jessica Wilson as models, and Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner, Miss Frances Sweeny and Miss Gillian Comber as students, with Miss Rowena Gregory who sang the main song. "The Century of Dance" followed. The Waltz of 1900 was beautifully danced by Lady Melchett looking very pretty in a long white satin dress of the Victorian period, partnered by Baron William de Gelsey; Lady George Scott and Mrs. Anthony Kinsman came next and proved the greatest success of the whole evening, doing the Charleston of the 1920s dressed as the famous Dolly Sisters. They wore narrow white satin dresses of that period, trimmed with bands of white silk fringe, while long rows of pearls, reaching to their non-visible waistlines, hung from their necks, and also from their white ostrich feather head-dresses. Lady George Scott, who as Molly Bishop was one of the most beautiful débutantes of her year, and Mrs. Kinsman put some real pep and gaiety into this number, all the time keeping an expression of deadly seriousness, which added to the amusement of the audience. The Lambeth Walk of the 1930s came next danced by Miss Tessa Milne and the Hon. Timothy Jessel, and finally the Rock 'n' Roll of the 1950s was beautifully danced by Miss Francesca Roberti, who has lightning toes and has been outstandingly the best ballroom dancer of the 1957 débutantes; her partner was the Hon. Michael Spring Rice.

MR. ROBERT DE PASS, who one thinks of as a polo player rather than a conjurer, then gave us a few moments of magic—quick, clever and amusing. He had Miss Judy Dugdale as his assistant for cutting the rope and having her head chopped off! Then came the much-heralded "Famous Beauties," who were introduced by Douglas Fairbanks. Lady Anne Tennant represented Helen of Troy, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Berry came as Lola Montez, the lovely young Countess of Coventry as one of her husband's ancestors (she looked by far the most beautiful of the younger beauties) and Mrs. Peter Rawlinson as the Empress Josephine. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Fraser was a superb Nell Gwyn and threw her oranges right and left in a nonchalant manner as she came on to the floor. There were also Lady John Manners as Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, Lady Grantley as Lucretia Borgia, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer as Madame de Pompadour, Mrs. Vane Ivanovic truly very beautiful as Lily Langtry, the lovely Duchess of Argyll as Marie Antoinette, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cubitt who was magnificent as Cleopatra, and Dawn Chapple as Modern Beauty. This was all put on with professional speed and polish and never lost pace for a moment.

So many well known personalities were present enjoying the party that it is quite impossible to mention them all. To begin with I saw the Cuban Ambassador and his lovely wife Mme. Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, the German Ambassador, the Italian Ambassador Count Zoppi who brought a large dinner party including Signor Casardi (the Italian ambassador to the U.N.A. in Paris who was over here on an official visit with M. Spaak) and his charming wife Signora Casardi, very chic in red lace, the Earl and Countess of Coventry, Sir Malcolm Sargent whose ear-drums must have suffered sadly from the very noisy dance band, the Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson, Mrs. Reggie Maudling who was joined by her husband the Paymaster-General, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicolas Brissimis, a charming Greek couple who were over from Paris for a few days. The Austrian Ambassador and the Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen were others who brought dinner parties. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also joined Mrs. Thorneycroft around midnight, when the Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, also arrived. Other Members of Parliament included, of course, Sir Alfred Bossom, Col. Neil McLean and his wife, Col. Richard Sharples and his wife, Mr. Peter Rawlinson, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Sir Henry Channon and Mr. John Foster.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL was there (he and the Duchess of Argyll had dined with the Neville Berrys), also the Duchess of Buccleuch lovely in black velvet, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke of Rutland, the Duchess of Rutland, Earl Granville, Honorary Treasurer of the Old People's Fund, the Marchioness of Huntly, attractive in grey, the Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, the Earl and Countess of Cromer, the Earl of Dudley who brought a big party, Mr. Clive and Lady Barbara Bossom and her brother the Earl of Guilford and his attractive wife, Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, Lady Carey Coke, the Hon. Colin Tennant, Lord George Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, the Hon. Harry Cubitt, Lord Astor, Lady Killearn, Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan, Viscount Ednam, Sir Edward Ford, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Judge Maude and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Peter Laycock, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, the latter of course busy helping to make the party go, their son Mr. Ian McCorquodale, Viscount Reidhaven, the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, Viscount Elveden, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Viscount Chelsea, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dashwood.

Mrs. Robert de Pass was there, also Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, the Hon. Peter Ward and his wife looking very pretty, Lord Reay, Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, the Earl of Gainsborough, the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, and a great many more who will always remember this gay and amusing evening, which also helped to bring a little gaiety into the lives of the old people for whom the Fund is run.

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MR. IAN MACTAGGART is the very efficient chairman of this year's Annual Life-boat Ball, which takes place at the Savoy on December 3. The R.N.L.I., which is run entirely by voluntary contributions, is one of the finest organizations in our country and no one should hesitate, if asked, to help financially.

The ball never fails to be one of the best dances of the autumn season, and always resembles a private party more than a charity dance. This year the Duchess of Kent has graciously promised to be present. The entertainment, besides dancing to a good band, will include a cabaret and a tombola, also lucky programmes. They have some really wonderful prizes this year, including two return tickets on any of B.E.A.'s domestic routes, a return passage by air to Le Touquet for car and two passengers, and a trip to Lisbon for two. A junior committee under the joint chairmanship of Lady Frances Curzon and Miss Susan Shafto is organizing a separate breakfast dance and night club at the Savoy on the same evening.

Tickets for the ball may be obtained from Mrs. John Terry, R.N.L.I., Life-boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

Mrs. Warren Pearl is chairman of the Bridge Tournament and Christmas Fair to be held at the Dorchester on December 2, in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This is an annual event which is always extremely well run. The bridge tables are three guineas each and can be booked from Mrs. Fenwick, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

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I HAVE had an invitation from the President and members to go to the Cambridge University United Hunts' Club Ball. This is being held at the Pitt Club, Cambridge, on Saturday, November 30, and should be a very gay and amusing affair. There will be two bands and a night club. The United Hunts' Club is composed of Masters and Whippers-in of the Trinity Foot Beagles (S. E. Scrope and C. H. A. Bott are the present joint-Masters), and the Drag. Tickets for the ball from C. S. Hall, 22a Portugal Place, Cambridge.





## ANGLO-BRAZILIAN BALL

THE ANGLO-BRAZILIAN SOCIETY gave a ball for its founder, Senhor Jose Moniz de Aragao (above, second from right). With him are the Brazilian Charge d'Affaires (left), Senhora Moniz de Aragao, Mrs. Rhodes and Col. W. F. Rhodes



Lady Low (left), Sir Toby Low and Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, at the Dorchester



Mrs. J. Allason, the Brazilian Consul General, Mrs. Kronstein and Mrs. Lezica Alvar



H.E. the Duke of Primo de Rivera with Madame Schreiber



The Earl and Countess of Lonsdale watching the dancers



Mrs. Beatrice Summers with Colonel F. Swan



The Earl and Countess of Cromer were also guests



Van Hallan

The Dominican Ambassador and Madame Thomen at the tombola



# IT'S THE SPADEWORK THAT COUNTS

*KENNETH GREGORY reveals the agonies and longueurs that accompany the taking of a fashion photograph*

I DON'T suppose I should have tried lighting the fire with pages from a fashion magazine. But we were clearing out a cupboard and there seemed no reason why the Sunday papers, which I keep in a pile so that I can refer to the book reviews months later, and the glossies zealously accumulated by my wife should not be destroyed four years after publication. And if I hadn't tried to light a fire I should never have seen the photograph.

I first noticed it when the rest of the page was smouldering away resentfully in evasive spirals of smoke. Eagerly I plucked at the remains and stared at it in awe. For the photograph was of a rare and lovely creature, radiating happiness. Yet it was neither beauty nor her mood that I heeded. It was the past. Some four, or it may have been five years ago, I had watched the photograph taken.

The stubby young man was carrying his Leica chalice-like up the steps of the Albert Memorial. As always the Prince Consort stared moodily across the road at the advertisements; I remember there was Mr. Beverley Nichols on Spiritualism and the wrestler, Mr. Pat O'Reilly, on the mat. Suddenly the stubby young man turned back to the Humber still nudging the curb and called:

"Susan! Mary! Do hurry up down there. The sun's going in at any minute."

The car door opened and two female forms emerged. They seemed twins by design if not by nature, slender sisters bred in circumspect fragility, both proclaimed themselves princesses of some eternal mystery. They stood erect, stretching their arms with a slow, rippling motion—fellow Odettes without a lake.

"Do we have to climb all these steps, Sandy?" asked one.

The stubby young man clucked impatiently.

"Susan, don't be trying, there's a good girl. I want that costume first, the one in Fallen Leaf, the autumn model."

Thus bidden, Susan clambered back into the car and drew the blinds.

"Never have anything to do with models," the stubby young man said to me, "not unless you want to be seen out with one or marry one. That's different."

AGAIN the car door opened and Susan descended. But now there was a difference in her movements. Before they had been subtle and langorous, now they were suggestive of a partial paralysis. For Susan was wearing a suit, in the latest shade of Fallen Leaf, which had been designed to render movement difficult. The waist was an isthmus containing little more than the lines of communication between the two parts of the trunk, or so it seemed to me.

Yet if the waist was wholly utilitarian in function, the legs were purely decorative, sheathed as they were in a skirt which restrained their feet to paces not exceeding three inches. But the charge head of the creation, the shoulders, were magnificent if only as a study in feminine self-assertion. Such shoulders would have caused the largest Transvaal rugby forward to hesitate before he scrummaged against them.

"Mary!"—Susan's shriek provided a momentary theme to the bass of the Kensington Road traffic—"Mary, this skirt's going to fall down! Be an angel and pin me."

Mary did not hesitate. She produced a pad of pins and, swiftly unbuttoning Susan's jacket, she turned her colleague's flank and deftly secured the skirt. A road sweeper who had just come upon the scene noticed this and whistled:

"Cor! There ain't much of 'er mate, is there?"

Reassured by the pins and perhaps even more by the sweeper's comment, Susan moved gingerly across the pavement. She looked







the bottom step and then let her eyes travel upwards to the summit where the stubby young man continued to cluck impatiently. Susan glanced back at her base camp, the car, and then lifted her right foot. The assault was painful and a test of character; that she finally triumphed said much for her courage and sense of vocation. As she reached the top step Mary handed her an umbrella.

The stubby young man thawed into a coo.  
"Hold the brolly behind you, dear."

BECAUSE Susan was slender and supple I expected her to obey at once. But she moved as fearfully as though carrying a can of nitro-glycerine. At first the umbrella's point protruded only an inch behind her, then gradually she twisted her body until at last the point touched the ground. Susan was locked in every joint, like a golfer's nightmare—the need to play a shot while turned inside out.

"My old woman couldn't do that, not if you paid her!" said the road sweeper.

The stubby young man overheard this expression of doubt.

"Charlie, be a good chap and stand over there behind Susan."

The sweeper's Cockney confidence required no second invitation. With a bound he was in the appropriate spot. He lifted his broom and presented arms.

No, not quite so aggressive. Be sweeping. Away from her, that's fine. Now hold it, both of you."

There was a juggling with the Leica. "Smile please, Susan."

Susan lowered her eyes from the heavens and smiled. "Perfect!"

And the stubby young man, "though I do wish Albert didn't look so glum up there." A moment later the young man and Mary slipped gaily down the steps. Susan followed precariously, her arm taken by the gracious Charlie. As they reached the bottom Mary greeted them:

"Where are we going for the burnt caramel coat I tried yesterday, Holland House?"

The stubby young man clapped his hands.

"Girls, as quickly as you can. We can just make Whipsnade for feeding time."

I WAS still musing when my wife entered the room to see how the fire was burning. I started to tell her about the agonies endured by lovely young women in the cause of art. She missed the point completely.

"I wanted the fire to be ready so that we could have tea in here."

She took the charred page from me.

"Really! What on earth is the point of gazing at that? It's four or five years old."

I couldn't see that it mattered.

"And . . . you *are* useless. You've let the corner with the price on it be burnt."

By now I was as silent and resigned as the Prince Consort.





## LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

ALDERMAN Sir Denis Truscott, the new Lord Mayor of London, is seen acknowledging the cheers of the crowd while making his ride in procession from Guildhall to the Law Courts. The traditional Lord Mayor's Procession was this year as colourful as ever, and had "Paper and Printing" as its theme



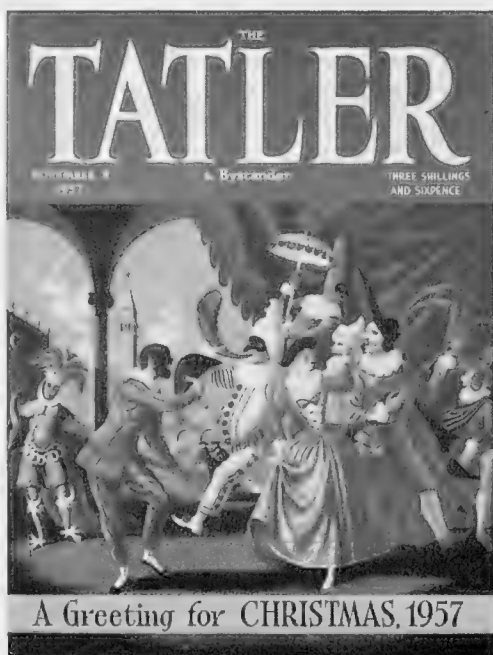
## Roundabout

**John Metcalf**

## A LITTLE PLACE I KNOW OFF THE KING'S ROAD

### CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of The TATLER, which is now available, brings to the forthcoming festival season an entrancing contribution of urbane humour and gaiety, and glowing colour. Appetites whetted by Philip Gough's cover depicting an Italian Masque will find rich satisfaction in the contents, from that light astrological *hors d'oeuvre* "Your Christmas Stars," to recollections of the wartime Royal pantomimes at Windsor, carols, stories, and diversions; all delightfully decked out with drawings, photographs and paintings. It costs 3s. 6d., and copies may be ordered from The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, W.C.2. Postage, inland 4d., Canada 1½d., abroad 6½d.



ONE of the most infuriating things I know is to be invited to one of those Chelsea restaurants with names like "La Petite Hutte d'Ail" or "Le Potage d'Or" which has only been open a few weeks, old boy, and which you simply must come to, *everybody* goes there, they have the most marvellous steaks and it's really French and you can get wine from the pub next door.

"Everybody" seems to mean a lot of young men who look as though they have just become barristers or just entered Lloyd's or one of the bigger advertising agencies, accompanied by identical young women, and a sprinkling of well-fed fifty-year-olds with roving eyes who think they are having fun in this rather Bohemian atmosphere; and ought to know better. Every time that I am led growling through their quaint and unpretentious doors I swear it will be the last. But after a few weeks there's a new name and I think it might be a real restaurant and of course it turns out to be another of the same—another evening of sloppy amateurish service carried out by beautiful young men in specially shrunk jeans or young women in twin-sets who find it all terribly amusing and have a party of friends in the corner. More of the same bare, scrubbed tables with the same terribly French, terribly *sweet* little mustard pots and intractable knives and forks. And the food that comes along is presented with the same incomprehensible pride—tinned snails made lukewarm; tough steaks covered in garlic and surrounded by too many tasteless mushrooms; and the same wine from what seems to be the same pub—an innocuous



William and John David Dix  
watching a high-soaring salvo  
of rockets



Henrietta Snow (centre), Philippe Joannier, Nicole  
Dumont, Brigitte Machzaud, Hall and Max Henrion,  
Edward and Elizabeth Romilly, Elizabeth Donnelly



Dwight Makins, Ian Glynn and  
Ian Murray were others watching  
the display

Van Hallan

## Guy Fawkes Day fireworks for the younger generation at Hurlingham

Beaujolais-type Beaujolais which is, I admit, usually pretty cheap.

The extraordinary thing is that so many of these places do so well. And while they're doing well they allow you about four inches of elbow-room and fourteen inches of seat-room on the hard, plain (and terribly, terribly French) wooden benches. But it's terribly cheap, old boy, they tell me. Which is, of course, absolute nonsense. It costs no more to have a well-cooked, well-served dinner on a clean white tablecloth with a knife and fork you can handle and plenty of room to turn around in at any one of twenty restaurants in Soho. But people seem to have fallen in love with the inefficient and amateur. There are plenty of good, serious, professional restaurants that are only getting enough business to avoid breaking the Catering Wages Act. But they just aren't amusing, old boy, my friends say. Damn it though, you can eat the food in them. Which is more than can be said for any of the onion-hung, fishnet-draped, saucepan-strewn, babble-filled, garlic-worshipping, jumped-up Espresso bars that masquerade with their French accents and their phony *ambiances* and their cute waiters as restaurants.

WHY is it, incidentally, that the two most popular hard alcohol drinks, Scotch-and-soda and gin-and-tonic, have never developed shorter, cocktail-type names? When you think of the numbers of drinks that have names all to themselves, and think how long some of them have lasted, it seems odd that one of those anonymous geniuses who invent these appellations shouldn't have got busy with mixtures that are ordered most. Think of Dry Martinis, Old-fashioneds, Manhattans, Tom and John Collins', Side-cars, Whisky Sours and more recent Americanos and Screwdrivers and—liveliest of all—the Bloody Mary. Yet the commonest mixtures like rum-and-orange, rum-and-ginger ale, or the increasingly popular rye-and-ginger ale (which I do hear referred to here and there as Rye-and-Dry), as well as the basic drinks that I've mentioned—none of them have a special name to themselves. Any suggestions?

SOMETHING else I would like to know is how you stop the leaves of that green and yellow ivy—*Hedera canariensis*—from going brown and dropping off. I find that I can rear successfully and keep healthy most other indoor plants. My *Monstera deliciosa* positively gleams with life, my *Ficus elastica* has the sheen of a new car, my *Fatshedera Lizei* oozes vitality, my *Philodendron Scandens* scandals like mad, even my *Aechmea trifasciata* looks healthy—but every time I get one of those blessed Canary-type plants it's only a month or so before the leaves start drying up and withering away.

I've tried them in different lights and in different temperatures; I've tried watering them every day and not watering them for weeks on end and every variation in between. But still they droop and fade. Even that best of all books about growing things indoors *Indoor Plants and Gardens* (by Margot E. Jones and H. F. Clarke, published by the Architectural Press at 18s.) is singularly unhelpful. One of Gordon Cullen's excellent illustrations is of the blessed thing in full burgeoning growth. But all they say is: "If the leaves turn yellow and fall off more moisture should be introduced, e.g. by spraying, or stand in moist peat which will reduce the effect of too much evaporation, central heating or over warm room." Well, I've done all that. And it's still no good. What do I do now?

MEANWHILE I'm having a great horticultural success with avocado pear stones. My best plant at the moment is a good two feet high, a sturdy young sapling with twenty or more leaves on its stem and a good scattering of shoots just coming. They couldn't be easier to grow; all you do is to peel the dark brown outer shell from the stone, stick toothpicks, two or three of them, into the sides of it and leave the thick base immersed in a glass of water. It takes six weeks or so for the first root to come down and soon after the first shoot shows at the narrow end. Keep the water topped-up; and within three months you'll have a delightful little plant.



BRIGGS



by Graham





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
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## DAY WITH THE HEYTHROP

THE HEYTHROP HUNT'S opening meet at Little Compton was well attended, and took place on a mild autumn day. Above: Lt.-Col. R. C. Barrow and Capt. R. E. Wallace, two of the Heythrop's three joint-Masters

*Mrs. D. Mackinnon, of Swinbrook House, Burford, one of the Hunt's joint-Masters*



*Miss Caroline Vachell and Mr. C. Kleinwort*



*Miss Jennifer Nelson and Mr. Mark Chamberlayne*



*Miss Anne Brooks, who was responsible for seeing that all gates were shut*

*Mrs. Petrie and Mr. C. R. Petrie were among the field*

*P. C. Palmer*





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*Miss Avia Daly with Mrs. Bryan Fowler, a regular follower*

## IRISH OPENING MEET

THE MEATH HUNT held its opening meet at Balfestown, Co. Meath. Above: Mr. Charles Bird and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally Stourton



*Mr. Patrick Herdman, Master of the Strabane, and Mrs. Victor Parr*



*Miss Ann Byers, who plays polo with the All Ireland Club*



*Mr. Charles Bird, Jr., who has been joint-Master of the Meath Hunt since 1955*

*Mr. George Briscoe, Master of the Tara Harriers, and Mrs. Briscoe*  
C. C. Fennell

*Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit Waddington from Drogheda, Co. Louth*

*Col. the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Corbally Stourton with Mr. Charles Rogers (right)*







## A Princess sits for her portrait

PRINCESS IRA, the daughter of Prince Tassilo and Princess Clara von Fuerstenberg, was married two years ago to Prince Alfonso von Hohenlohe-Langenburg. She and her husband paid a visit to this country to see the Motor Show, during which time Princess Ira had her portrait painted by Mr. Oliver Messel, the brilliant theatrical designer and decorator. The Hohenlohes, who live in Spain, have one child, born last year. This photograph of the sitting was taken by Tony Armstrong-Jones, Mr. Messel's nephew

*Priscilla in Paris*

# NOSTALGIC FESTIVAL OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Now is the season of chrysanthemums, and with the advent of their large bronze and purple and white blooms, we begin to feel that winter is, after all, at hand. Until this week it has been possible to pretend that these languid golden days of autumn would somehow manage to prolong themselves indefinitely, for the sun, as mellow on the old stone bridges as a ripening apricot, has held something of the softness of spring. The blue skies, and the sharp clear light, which is nowhere more pellucid, more poignant than in Paris on an autumn afternoon, has not yet been touched by that crispness in the air which, sharp as a pinch once the sun has begun to fall down the sky behind the Arc de Triomphe, preludes winter. It has been possible to linger out of doors until after five o'clock. Consequently, the trees, scarcely shaken by the soft wind, have kept their leaves later than usual, and hang out along the river like flags.

But the chrysanthemums, gradually ousting the pink and white azalea trees, the cyclamen and the tall-stemmed crimson roses from their places of honour in the windows of the florists' shops, announced unmistakably the approach of winter and the imminence of Toussaint, one of the biggest festivals of the year in France.

It is not only that la Toussaint represents, in the calendar of the church, an occasion for acknowledging mortality, and for the remembrance of those gaps which, in the short memories of nations as well as individuals, are too often forgotten, but it is a living festival, a family occasion for reunion and for rejoicing—or not, as the case may be, since every family gathering has its own peculiar undercurrents, its moments of stress. Relations from the country pour into the town; Parisians make pilgrimages to the suburbs or to the country; schools have a holiday, shops are closed, postal services are once more *détraquée* (but this is not an unusual occurrence, under any circumstances). In all this coming and going, meeting and parting and forgathering by bus and train and automobile, the brave chrysanthemum is well to the fore. One continually encounters it sticking out of car windows, balancing precariously on the handlebars of bicycles, being bargained for on the pavements of the flower markets, being carried home in triumph, when the sudden, slightly acrid scent of its tousled head, thrust under your nose in a crowded bus, overcomes the more familiar garlic, and brings pleasantly to mind the country.

THE chrysanthemum is to winter what the *muguet* is to the spring; more than a flower, it is a symbol, a turning point in the year. And each year a good deal of speculation goes on as to what price the plants will be. If you are active as well as lucky, *muguet* can be gathered wild in the woods; but chrysanthemums are indoor flowers. They appear in pots—usually, like most flowers, they seem to be pushed into pots several sizes too small for them, which must be like wearing shoes that pinch, with no hope of ever being released. This year an instructive talk was given on the radio, telling people in advance what price they might expect to pay for their Toussaint chrysanthemums. The current price this year was 150 frs. per bloom, and as each pot contains at least three large flowers, this makes the whole thing average around 500 frs. a pot. One unlucky individual being interviewed on the programme declared himself to be only in possession of 250 frs., for which, he was told, he would have to be satisfied with one small plant, or a reasonably large bunch of cut flowers. This prospect

IN our issue of November 13, owing to an unfortunate lapse, the photograph of Sir Arnold Lunn and Mrs. E. B. Beauman at a Ski Club of Great Britain cocktail party, was transposed with that of Mrs. Anthony Raynsford and Major Peter Snowden at the same event. We greatly regret this error and offer our apologies to those involved for any inconvenience it may have caused them.



F. J. Goodman

THE COMTESSE de SACHS, is seen at her house in the rue Singer. She and her husband spend much of their time at their country seat near Rheims, or at their summer house in the south of France, the villa Mercedes at Beaulieu

was not an appealing one; cut flowers, although very well in the right time and place, are not the same thing at all. It is the proud frizzled mops in their pinching pots, which make the journey of commemoration in all the cemeteries of France, on the morning of Toussaint.

IT would be wrong to give the impression that chrysanthemums are to be considered only in relation to mourning, for they also have other, gayer functions to fulfil. They have lately been granted a big display of their own at the Porte d'Auteuil, where the florists of Paris have a large nursery garden, with vast domed greenhouses in which a wonderful garden was laid out, with hedges of chrysanthemums climbing as high as the magic hedge of thorns in the fairy-tale, and with pheasants and pigeons hiding in the grass beside a little lake, to recapture the illusion of the autumn woods. And recently the chrysanthemums were enabled to come to the rescue in a spectacular manner at the théâtre de l'Etoile, where the national ballet company of Czechoslovakia is appearing for a short season. Just before the curtain was due to rise at the gala performance, before a distinguished audience of ministers, members of arts councils, ambassadors, and other people for whom gala performances are designed, it was discovered that somebody had forgotten to order the bouquets for presentation to the dancers at the end of the performance. There cannot be a gala without bouquets and speeches, any more than without ambassadors; and as, at this late hour, all the shops were shut, the predicament can easily be imagined. In the end, after much frantic telephoning, the commissariat de Police for the district came to the rescue with a whole barrow full of flowers, which they had luckily confiscated that same day from a street vendor caught selling them without proper authorization. Thus, the situation was saved; the gala was saved, and so were the ambassadorial speeches. I only hope that the street vendor was saved, too, and that he was issued at once with the proper authorization for supplying flowers to gala performances. Naturally, the flowers in question were chrysanthemums. What has never been revealed, is whether the blossoms were hastily snipped off the plants, and wrapped up by the helpful agents in Cellophane and tricolour ribbons, or whether they merely came flying over the footlights in their pots, like a galaxy of satellites. What is more, it is most unlikely that I shall ever find out.

—Oriol Malet



At the TheatreAnthony Cookman

## A PLEASURE IN STORE FOR THE REPS.



"THE QUEEN AND THE WELSHMAN" (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith). When Queen Kate of France (Hilary Liddell, above) falls for the manly charm of the honest Owen Tudor (Edward Woodward), she proposes marriage, but he has no wish for a queen as wife. While indecision rules their lives, the Lord Protector (Edward Burnham, below left) forbids wedlock to the Queen. This precipitates the marriage, and when, years later, the Lord Protector is informed of it by Villiers (Jack Rodney), tragedy ensues.

Drawings by Glan Williams



THERE is a public that will take as much stage biography as it can get, another that is all for the historical chronicle provided the language is modern. These special publics, although they may be neglected for years on end, go on waiting patiently for some turn of fashion to bring round the kind of drama they most enjoy. At the Edinburgh Festival, *The Queen And The Welshman* (a portrait play which is also a Shakespeare-Without-Tears chronicle) made a gentle bid for the favour of both these publics. It was successful enough to be brought south in the hope, no doubt, that it might start a vogue, as did *Richard Of Bordeaux* in the thirties.

Few who were at the opening night at the Lyric, Hammersmith, can have felt that this was likely to happen. Miss Rosemary Anne Sisson writes prettily, but she is no Gordon Daviot. She steers clear of romantic fustian and her play is true enough to permanent human sentiments to be followed with simple pleasure. But it wants a big scene somewhere to drive the emotional point sharply home. Without this scene it may still be welcomed with open arms by repertory theatres throughout the country, but it will hardly set the Thames on fire.

THE queen is that French Kate whom Henry V wooed after Agincourt. Now a widow, she has reached what may be called admiringly the Yvonne Arnaud standard of proficiency in English, but widowhood is a lonely state and she is still little more than a girl. She finds herself inevitably inviting the society of Owen Tudor, an honest gentleman-at-arms, and exercises her queenly privilege to propose marriage to him. He loves the woman, but has no ambition to have a queen for wife. While they are still in two minds about the matter the Lord Protector makes a precautionary move in the dynastic interests of her son, the Lancastrian Henry VI. He forbids the queen to marry. The flustered lovers decide to circumvent the order by marrying in secret. It is a decision fatal to their happiness, for the secret marriage is fruitful. While the Lord Protector is not much disturbed by rumours that his brother's queen is living at Hatfield with her steward and has borne him sons, the real truth has only to be made known to him and he is bound to act. The King is not yet of age and the existence of two legitimate half-brothers with the royal blood of France in their veins may well weaken the Lancastrian's uneasy hold on the throne.

In vain the alarmed lovers protest that they have no dynastic ambitions. The Lord Protector cannot foresee that the grandson of Owen Tudor is destined to tumble Richard III off his throne, but he acts as if he did foresee the future clearly. He imprisons Tudor and bundles off the queen to a nunnery where she is to die in childbirth believing that her passionate desire for further domestic happiness has doomed her second husband to death.

YET the nearest the play comes to the big scene of which it stands in need is that in which Owen Tudor convinces the angry, jeering Lord Protector that he has been an honest lover and not an ambitious conspirator. The dramatic value of this scene is that it puts the overbearing Lord Protector in a position where he believes in the honesty of his prisoner, but still dare not, in the interests of the infant king, give effect to his belief. Good as is the scene, it is not quite good enough.

The admirable but unstarry Edinburgh Festival company are equal to all the play's opportunities. Miss Hilary Liddell keeps the queen sympathetically within the emotional range of the part as it is written. Mr. Edward Woodward well suggests the quick Welsh pride which gives edge to the transparent honesty of the hero. And Mr. Edward Burnham is effective as the Lord Protector whose tongue is rougher than his heart, but whose heart is ruled by his sense of duty.



Mike Davis

## An ambassadress to the Russian Ballet

BERYL GREY, seen as the Black Swan in "Lac des Cygnes," has been invited to dance in Russia. She leaves early next month and will return at the beginning of January. During her tour, Miss Grey will give performances in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, and will dance Odette/Odile in "Lac des Cygnes," and the leading role in "Giselle"; she will appear as guest artist with the Bolshoi Ballet. Miss Grey is the first British ballerina of note to dance before Russian audiences in the U.S.S.R.





*Mrs. Nigel Campbell with Baron William de Gelsey, wearing his father's uniform*

## A GALA EVENING FOR CHARITY

MRS. GERALD LEGGE'S party in aid of her Fund for Old People, held at Sir Alfred Bosson's Carlton Gardens house, not only benefited a very good cause, but provided first-class entertainment for those present. Above: Lady Anne Tennant, who portrayed Helen of Troy, and the Hon. Colin Tennant

*Mr. Andrew Morritt, the Hon. Michael Spring-Rice, Mr. David Tennant, and Miss Elizabeth Grimston*



*Mrs. Doric Bosson, Mr. Doric Bosson, and Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P.*

*Miss Joan Lawton, who took part in the cabaret, with Mr. Jeremy Graffley Smith*





Mr. Gerald Legge and the Earl of Carnarvon, who compered the cabaret



The Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer as Mme. de Pompadour and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cubitt as Cleopatra



The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Berry as Lola Montez, and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic as Lily Langtry



Miss Tessa Milne being made-up for her part in the Lambeth Walk



Cdr. Robert de Pass practising his conjurer's act with dexterity

Miss Judy Dugdale, daughter of Pamela, Countess of Aylesford, Major Clive Bossom, and Mrs. Gerald Legge

Desmond O'Neill



Mr. and Mrs. Shaun Bealey, who were recently married, at the tombola

The Duchess of Argyll, who portrayed Marie Antoinette, arriving with the Duke





## WAR IN THE DESERT

JOHN MILLS portrays a captain in the Medical Corps in his latest film, *Ice Cold In Alex*, which is being made in North Africa. Telling of the flight from besieged Tobruk of three men and two army nurses, John Mills plays tough Capt. George Anson, expedition leader



Ronald Piltz

## At the Pictures

# THE CHAMPAGNE TASTES LIKE COLD TEA



CURD JURGENS plays a doctor blamed by a widower, Folco Lulli (right), for the death of his wife in *An Eye For An Eye*

IF there is any good reason why *Les Girls* was chosen as the Royal Performance film, then I wish somebody would point it out to me, for unaided, I confess, I can find none. It is an uninspired semi-musical, tricked out with a few of the most unsparkling numbers ever written by Mr. Cole Porter. Though Mr. Gene Kelly and Miss Mitzi Gaynor, two of its stars, are excellent dancers they have only one real chance to show their paces—and that is in a witty burlesque of Mr. Marlon Brando's film, *The Wild One*: as the picture was banned in this country, only the critics, who were privileged to see it, are likely to appreciate the skill with which it has been gayed. The bebies of beautiful showgirls supporting the principals are rarely seen on stage and spend most of their time loitering in the wings or bustling off to their dressing rooms to change into another set of fetching feathers. It is all sadly disappointing.

The picture opens with a lawsuit, brought by one ex-showgirl, Miss Taina Elg, against another, Miss Kay Kendall, who has written a doubtless best-selling volume of memoirs. In court they give conflicting accounts of what happened when they and Miss Mitzi Gaynor shared a flat in Paris and, with Mr. Kelly, comprised a vaudeville act which was the toast of the town.

Miss Kendall, now married to an English peer (Mr. Leslie Phillips), maintains that Miss Elg had a great affair with Mr. Kelly and tried to gas herself when she found he didn't really love her. Miss Elg, now married to a rich Frenchman (M. Jacques Bergerac), alleges it was Miss Kendall who attempted suicide—when sacked from the act for drunkenness. (I do hope that Miss Kendall is not to be doomed to perpetual inebriation simply because she conveyed it so hilariously in *Genevieve*.)

The two stories are, of course, told in flashback—and as they are so flatly contradictory, there has naturally to be a third. Mr. Kelly (now married to Miss Gaynor) is introduced as “a surprise witness.” (Can the scriptwriter, Mr. John Patrick, really believe that cinemagoers are as easily surprised as all that?) According to Mr. Kelly, the whole thing is just a misunderstanding: both girls had been rendered unconscious by gas leaking from a faulty tap—and when they came round each assumed that the other had tried to make away with herself for reasons that their lively imaginations readily supplied. As a result of this testimony, the case is called off and everybody is supposed to be very happy. I hope that Her Majesty, who graciously sat through the piece, was happier than this humble subject. Miss Kendall does manage to inject a little lightness—she has a natural gift of levity—but otherwise the film (directed by Mr. George Cukor) seemed to me to fall flat to the ground with the dull thud of a plateful of cold porridge.

MISS ANN BLYTH, who usually strikes me as less of an actress than a pretty porcelain doll, gives the best performance I have ever seen from her as Miss Helen Morgan, the singer, in *Both Ends Of The Candle*. Miss Morgan, it appears, rocketed to fame in the 1920s, had a night club of her own and starred in Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld's production of *Show Boat* in New York.

She was in love with the young racketeer (admirably played by Mr. Paul Newman) who, after seducing her, got her her first singing engagement—and an eminent lawyer (Mr. Richard Carlson) became her devoted protector: and both men remained true to her in their fashion throughout her career. Nevertheless Miss Morgan felt there was something lacking in her life so (how did you guess?) she took to the bottle.

One becomes a little bored with all these young women who, with the world at their feet, deliberately take the road to ruin—but Miss Blyth arouses rather more sympathy for the type than the Misses Kim Novak and Susan Hayward did in similar rôles, perhaps because she seems less sorry for herself than they did. The songs she sings (“The Man I Love,” “Can’t Help Loving That Man,” and so on) are splendidly put over for her by Miss Gogi Grant, and Mr. Rudy Vallee, a suave old-time crooner whom you are far too young to remember, puts in a brief and ingratiating appearance and doesn’t look a minute older than when I last saw him, before the war.

GEORGE W. GEORGE and Robert Altman, who produced *The James Dean Story*, and Mr. Stewart Stern, who wrote it, have done the dead young actor a singular disservice. If anything could turn his fans against him, this maudlin, inept obituary should do the trick. The people who have been asked to tell of their contacts with Mr. Dean are hopelessly inarticulate: a waiter comments, “He was a good boy, but kinda hard to know, y’know?” A friend, encouraged by the interlocutor, reports, “Sure, he dated girls—yeh, sure he did.”

In between such fascinating interviews, the commentator drools away about Mr. Dean’s loneliness and, in the purplest passages, attributes to him lofty thoughts and aspirations—while still photographs of Mr. Dean glower down at the stunned audience from the screen. The character that emerges is an unpleasant one—a sullen, self-centred, quarrelsome boy who could tolerate no sort of criticism and would flounce out of any company in which he was not the centre of attraction. It is to me significant that not one of the three great directors who made Mr. Dean a star—Messrs. Elia Kazan, Nicholas Ray and George Stevens—contributes a word to this tasteless document. How very intelligent of them.

The second film in the Russian Film Season is a sad little piece called *Magdana's Donkey*—which tells how the poor peasants suffered in the bad old days before dogs were dispatched to outer space. The half-starved, charming children of an impoverished widow (beautiful Mme. Dudukhana Tserodze) find a donkey which a bad merchant has left to die on the roadside. They nurse it back to health—and then the merchant (hiss! hiss!) successfully claims it as his property. The period is 1896: nothing of the kind could happen now. I was sorry to see this return to the old familiar propaganda.

In *An Eye For An Eye*, Herr Curd Jurgens, a doctor in the Middle east, is lured to a dusty death in the desert by Signor Folco Lulli, a widower who blames him for the death of his wife. A tense, disturbing picture.

—Elsbeth Grant



GENE KELLY and Kay Kendall go into a song and dance routine in *Les Girls*, which also stars Mitzi Gaynor and Taina Elg

ANN BLYTH plays Helen Morgan, a successful singer of the 1920s who turned to the bottle, in *Both Ends Of The Candle*





## PARK LANE BALL TO AID WOUNDED

THE first ball for six years in aid of the British Limbless Ex-Service Men's Association was held at the Dorchester. Major the Earl of Ancaster, T.D., President of the Ball, received the guests with Lord Shuttleworth, Lady Shuttleworth, the Ball Chairman, and Mrs. C. Frankland Moore, M.B.E., the Deputy Chairman. The cabaret was given by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann together with the stars of "For Amusement Only," the long-running revue at the Apollo



*Lady Shuttleworth, Lord Shuttleworth, Mrs. C. Frankland Moore, M.B.E., and Major the Earl of Ancaster, T.D.*



*Mrs. Ashton Hill, Mrs. Vartan and Dr. R. H. Vartan*



*Mr. Robert Wilson Stephens talking to Miss Penny Baker*



*Mrs. Edward Eden in conversation with Mr. R. Gray*



*Mr. Paul Jones, Miss Ilina Bossy, Mr. John Swire and Miss Diana Phipps*



*Mr. John Mockett, Miss Denise Halse, Mrs. F. C. Halse, Mrs. Mockett and Mr. Michael Howell*



*Mr. W. von Neurath, Mrs. Lovat Dickson, Mrs. von Neurath and Mr. Lovat Dickson*



*Miss Katharine Holland and Mr. C. R. V. Holt sitting at their table*



*Mr. D. Menzies, Miss Jane Dawson, Mrs. Robie Uniacke, Mr. Robie Uniacke, Mr. J. Arthur and Miss C. Bowater*



*A. V. Swaeb*

*Mrs. and the Hon. R. Pleydell-Bouverie, Viscountess and Viscount Folkestone, Mrs. and Mr. J. Salmond*



## Book Reviews

# TUMULT IN MISSISSIPPI

To have in hand a book already described, in the U.S.A., as "a practically perfect novel" naturally intrigues a British reviewer. The work in question is Elizabeth Spencer's **The Voice At The Back Door** (Gollancz, 15s.). The first chapter, a bird's-eye view as it were, of a small wild car tearing into town across vast wild country inclined me to endorse the quoted opinion—only, can *any* story (I wondered) continue to be as good as this? On the whole, *The Voice At The Back Door* does. The electric rapidity, plus true feeling, of Miss Spencer's writing is in a class of its own.

The scene is the Deep South, Mississippi State, the William Faulkner, Eudora Welty terrain—in which, as Elizabeth Spencer happily shows, there is always room for another first rate writer. Subject: the attempted clean up of Lacey, a Southern town, and the district round it. Duncan Harper, more than likely successor (it seems) to the old sheriff, is an ex-football star. Lacey continues proud of him—as it well may, for fame has not spoiled his character. This still young man, a realistic idealist, has now settled down as a Lacey citizen, owner of the leading grocery store. Loyalty, however, does not blind him to his home town's injustices and corruptions—i.e. race inequalities (treatment of the Negroes) and the manifold ills which are attendant on the illicit drink racket.

Nominally, Mississippi is a "dry" State; actually, alcohol flows, *ad lib*. The hypocritical fiction is maintained because certain persons thereby make vast profits. Duncan Harper himself likes a drink (were there no strings to it) as well as any man, but objects to rackets. Ironically, the local bootlegger is the other outstanding good fellow in this story—one Jimmy Tallant war hero. Jimmy had once hoped to marry the girl, Tinker who is now Duncan's wife: he still remains in love with her from a distance.

And, second irony, Duncan fell back on Tinker only because his first love had walked out on him—the dynamic Marcia Mae's return to town, into a situation already crucial, heightens drama in *The Voice At The Back Door*. But the main tumult, dangerous to the point of physical violence, is stirred up by Duncan's tampering with the colour problem. Recent affairs at Little Rock make this novel particularly topical; it is also original, masterful and exciting.

★ ★ ★

P. G. WODEHOUSE'S **Over Seventy** (Herbert Jenkins, 16s.) is "An autobiography—with digressions." Timed to appear on the author's seventy-sixth birthday, it is rich in value—particularly the digressions! What the public most wants from an author's autobiography (as Mr. Wodehouse winningly points out) is a palpitating account of his early struggles: when these give way to success, interest tends to flag. Not much does flag, however, under the Wodehouse pen, thanks to an ever-freshness in comicality.

And he gets, in one, to the roots of various matters. As when for instance, he says: "The handicap under which most beginning writers struggle is that they don't know how to write. I was no exception to this rule." He offers us notes on the pros and cons of the fictional aristocracy in an excellent chapter, "Bring on the Earls." ("I see no objection to earls," he says. "A most respectable class of men they seem to me.") He deprecates the intrusion of love interest, and the tender sex, into crime fiction, mystery tales and thrillers—"Woman seems to me to lose her queenly dignity when she is being shoved into cupboards with a bag over her head."

Highest of all I rate his suggested reason for today's decline in "light" or humorous writing: "Humorists have been scared out of the business by the touchiness now prevailing in every section of the community. Wherever you look, on every shoulder there is a chip. . . ." In the chapter "Lives of the Hunted" he invites us to pity the poor celebrity. Let me close by saying that I have mentioned only a modicum of the wit, wonders and wisdom in *Over Seventy*.



SAXILBY, LINCOLNSHIRE, one of Edwin Smith's magnificent photographs, which include eight colour plates, illustrating Geoffrey Grigson's concise and informative text and notes in the superbly produced *England* (Thames & Hudson, 50s.)



SALAMANCA: a view from the edge of the city, showing the Roman bridge over the River Tormes. This and many other photographs by Michael Wolgensinger are reproduced with an introduction by Margot Schwarz, in *Spain* (Phoenix House, 35s.)



KANDYAN DRUMMERS, an illustration in Beryl de Zoete's colourful and fascinating new book *Dance And Magic Drama In Ceylon* (Faber & Faber, 36s.)



A. V. Swaabe  
The artist Dona Salmon with her husband Mr. Christopher Verney Salmon, philosopher, writer and broadcaster

A Reception was held at the Redfern Gallery, Cork Street, for the private view of Dona Salmon's colourful gouaches of Tenerife. Paintings of Spain by Louis James, and original lithographs by Marc Chagall are being shown concurrently

**Sugar For The Horse**, by H. E. Bates (Michael Joseph, 2s. 6d.), there is a fine new batch of Uncle Silas stories. The incorrigible's shadow has not grown less! Ninety-and-plus years sit lightly on this "wicked old reprobate of a liar with a bloodshot eye and strawberry nose who ate too much and drank too much and worked too little"—thereby dominating the outlook of a small boy. Uncle Silas, as convivial *raconteur*, with as much as a spellbound youngster, takes us back through time to bladder bucolic days of poaching, parson-baiting and widowsing.

We hear of the Eating Match, the somewhat sinister incident of Blue Feather, the laying out of a landlady with a Bedfordshire finger, and the long, long ago idyll with Queenie White. Back all this rumbustiousness, and indeed its setting, is the Midlands countryside Mr. Bates knows so well, and whose beauties and miseries he so fitly sings. And oh, how those many eatables like one's mouth water! Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone, *Sugar For The Horse* is a book—decidedly!—to note for your forthcoming Christmas list.

★ ★ ★

ELLEY SMITH's **Rachel Weeping** (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.) consists of three long short stories, or alternatively, short novels. Are children to be wept for? By this showing, yes, apparently.

These three studies turn on the same theme: a young person's always perplexing and sometimes terrifying relationship with the adult world. Miss Smith, who as you will remember first made her name as a writer of psychological detective stories, has lately turned more to psychology, less to crime, and her subjects in *Rachel Weeping* well suit her gifts. Edging upon violence, though seldom touching it, these tales have a touch of Simenon in their quality.

The first, "An Idyll," in my view is far the best: here is the case of one more little girl who vanishes, "last seen in company with a man." The delicacy of the writing, and the curious atmosphere of innocence, combine to make "An Idyll" a haunting masterpiece. The unhappy adolescent, son of good parents, in "Tho' The Pleasant Life Is Dancing Round," and the fourteen-year-old girl in the Riviera story, "The Climate Of The Lost" are young characters somewhat less rare in fiction; and, inevitably, to read of them is depressing. Yet the treatment shows, here again, a distinguished skill.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Mr. Alan Wheatley with the Hon. Alastair and Mrs. Boyd



Mr. and Mrs. John Abel Smith who were recently married



Mr. Ian Hilleary accompanied by Mrs. Hilleary



Mr. and Mrs. John Brunner discuss a picture





VIRTUALLY disappeared from the evening scene is the long formal dinner dress. Today's hostesses entertain at home in comfortable casuals, the accent on ease allied with elegance. Above: a calf-length midnight blue velvet dinner dress with inlet lace embroidery. From Marshall & Snelgrove, 38½ gns. The blue crystal beads £2 5s., and the earclips 12s. 6d. from the Jewellery Department. Right: from Simpsons a black satin skirt embroidered with rosebuds worn with a black satin top costing 15 gns. and 5 gns. respectively. The copperplated brass Indian seed necklace comes from the Boutique and costs 24 gns.

FOR EVENINGS AT EASE







FROM ITALY an original model skirt hand embroidered with orange and brown wools, highlighted with gold thread. From Harrods' collection of highly individual Continental Casuals, it costs 45 gns. The gold kid belt costs 6½ gns. and the Italian high-necked white wool sweater patterned at neck and sleeves, also costs 6½ gns. All from Harrods

RIGHT: again from Italy a brilliantly coloured silk blouse printed with Birds of Paradise on a white, red or black ground. Here it is worn with a warm felt wrap-over skirt which is made in green, red or black. The blouse £10 17s. 6d., the skirt 8 gns. Both come from Simpson of Piccadilly



Michel Molinare



THIS HIGH-WAISTED black velvet skirt, copied from an Italian model, is banded with yards and yards of flowered silk ribbon and gold cord. It costs £25 at Dickins & Jones, who also have the matching top, £3 9s. 11d. The photographs were taken at 15 Lennox Garden Mews, the home of Miss Judy Gillson





COLD feet are the winter's worst but quite unnecessary misery. Hutchings' business-like boot (left) will see you through in all weathers. It has a briar vamp and sturdy leather mud-guard. The lining is warm lambswool and the sole and wedge heel is of rubber. It costs £8 18s. at Hutchings', New Bond Street

## BELOW FREEZING

THERE is no need on a freezing morning in town to look as if you have just left the paddock. Holmes made this smart ankle-clinging boot (below) in black suede with its neat side zip fastening and silk cord trimming. It can be bought at Dickins & Jones, at 6 gns. Worn with boots, Niké 15 denier stockings in their newest fashionable Daytaupe shade



A LIGHTER bootee (above) for wear in and around town. It is made of geranium red reversed calf with sheepskin lining, and comes from Russell & Bromley, costing £4 9s. 6d. Worn with bootees, Kayser's 40 denier crimped nylons able to withstand heavy duty



POINT



Michel Molinare



A DAPPLED skin boot which laces up to the ankle and is snugly lined with lambswool (above). Made by the London Shoe Co., it costs £6 16s. 6d., at their New Bond Street shop and their branches. The stockings, Ballito's long wearing all purpose nylon crepe

ANOTHER skin boot in a brown and white mottled pelt with an accommodating side zip (left). From Russell & Bromley, £4 19s. 9d. Morley's new "Agility" stockings are made from Agilon, a nylon yarn specially treated to give warmth and a silk-like appearance. The newest colour, Dormouse



# HAUTE COUTURE FOR THE PETITE



IN the finest tradition of Haute Couture, a dress of rhododendron red paper taffeta (left) with a diagonal overskirt and bouffant side panniers. Price 51½ gns., it comes from the Small Women's Department at Debenham and Freebody, where the shorter-than-average woman will find models correctly balanced to her proportions and where current fashion is adapted to suit her needs

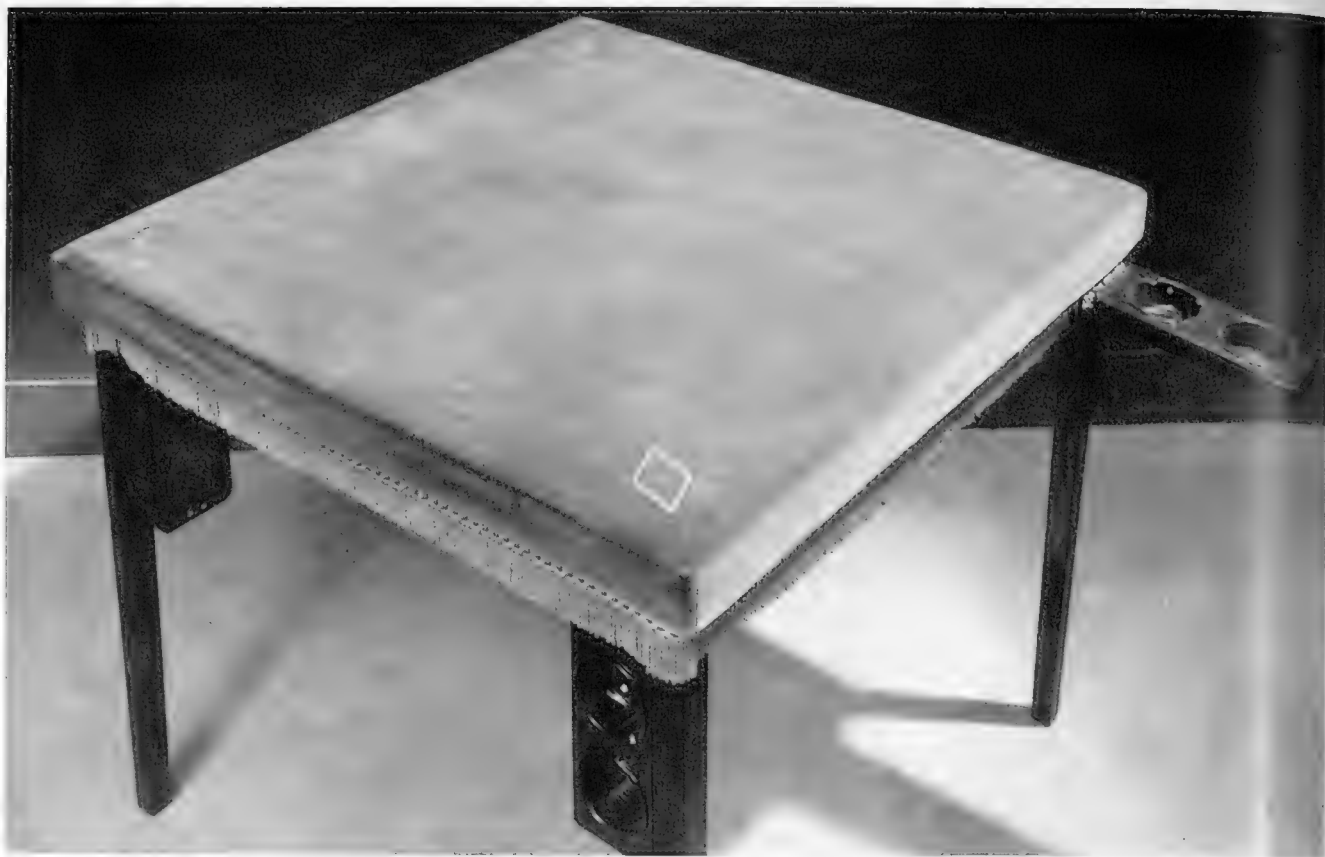
CHOICE  
FOR  
THE  
WEEK

ALSO from Debenham's Small Women's Department comes this late day dress of fine black crepe with swathed fullness at the front breaking the slim sheath line (right). The dress, costing 54 gns., is worn with a 1920 cloche of black soli with a satin band and bow, 15 gns. The jewellery also is from Debenham's. Both dresses on this page were photographed at Mullard House





A beautifully fitted velvet bridge cloth, fringed at the edge and designed with spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs at the corners, £4 10s., at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly

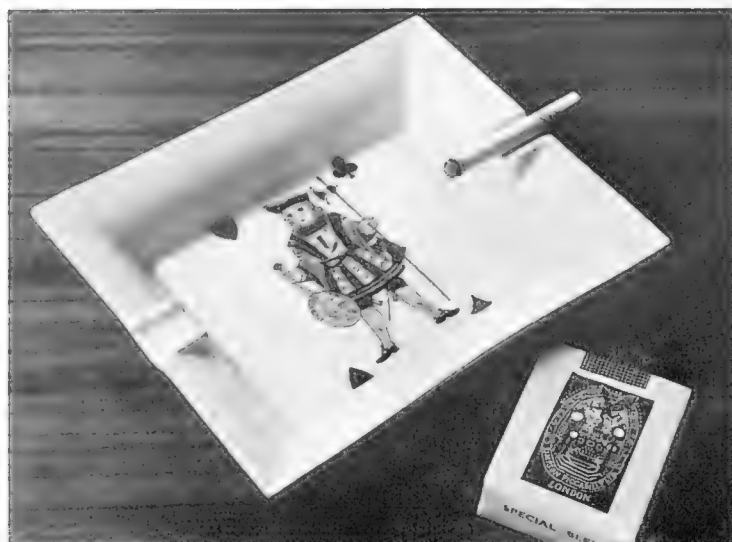


## Bridge parties on winter evenings

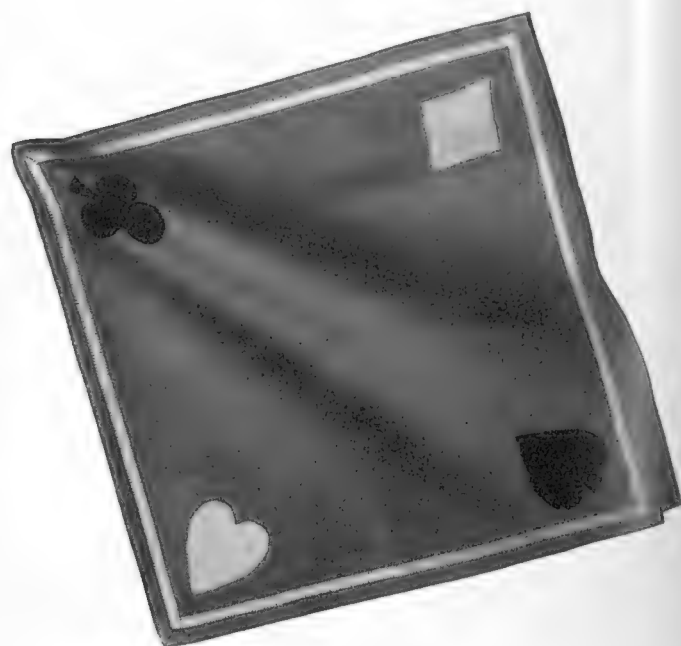
*WITH cold outside and warmth inside, bridge is a favourite occupation for many during the winter. Here are some attractive ideas for hostesses who are planning this form of entertainment*  
—JEAN CLELAND



Practical and attractive bridge ashtray set by Porcelain de Paris, price £1 19s. 8d., at Harrods



China ashtray with Andre Francois design, 9s. 6d., playing cards, 12s. 6d., exclusive to Simpson



Card table cloth, with the four suits applied at the corners. £2 5s., at Harrods, Knightsbridge



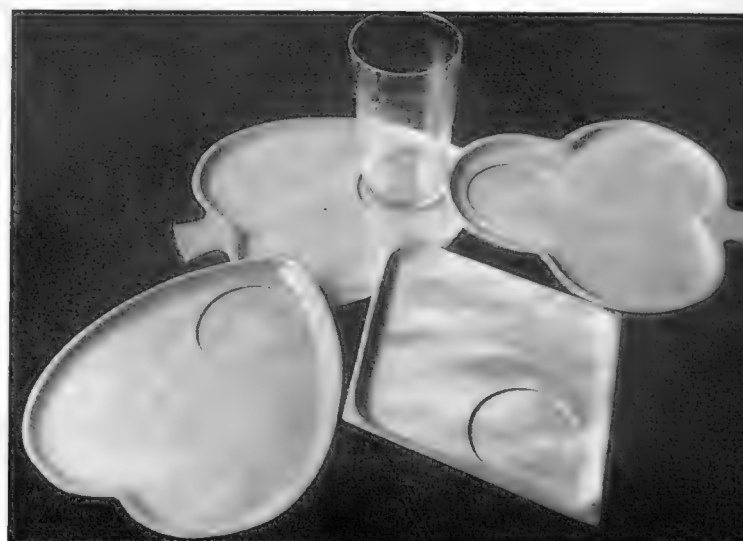
Double pack of washable playing cards in Andre Francois design, exclusive to Simpson, £1 5s., and a clover leaf ashtray, price 9s. 6d., also at Simpson, Piccadilly



Beautifully designed bridge set, including cards, in a leather-bound "book," £4 17s. 6d., at Asprey and Co. Ltd.



Initialled bridge set, including pencils and pencil sharpener, costs £1 9s. 6d., from Harrods



Cherrywood plates in shape of spade, heart, diamond and club, £1 19s. 6d. set of four, Harrods

*Dennis Smith*



## Beauty

Season for scent  
and colour

Jean Cleland



Lancôme's new scent "Envol" (left) brings with it delicate airs of spring



Thaarup's scent, "Triomphe," is charmingly packed in a hat-box



Gay boxes of Junior Elastoplast (above), designed for children

New "wet-strength" face tissues, "Scotties," by Bowater-Scott, small size, white only, 1s., large size, 2s. 9d., flowered holder, 6s. 6d. at the Medici Galleries

FASHIONS in dress reflect some of the lovely shades of autumn, and to go with these there are some exciting new colours in lipsticks.

Elizabeth Arden has one called "Victory Red," which, already extremely popular in America, has only just been introduced in this country. "Victory Red" is very vibrant and warm, yet it has a softness that makes it becoming to women of all ages.

Another flattering shade is Revlon's "Persian Melon." This is glowing and golden, and particularly right for wearing with autumnal browns and greens. "Persian Melon" lipstick (with nail enamel to match) can be had in non-smear lipstick, Futurama refills, brushed gold Futurama case complete with refill in either non-smear or lustrous, nail enamel and frosted nail enamel.

The tangy scents of autumn are represented in a new perfume by Thaarup called "Triomphe," in the attractive hat-box pack photographed here.

Lancôme also have a new scent, which in contrast to autumn, suggests spring. It is called "Envol," the English translation of which is "ethereal inspiration." It is a very good name, because it does suggest the elusive quality of the scent, which is that of spring flowers. "Envol" is fresh and youthful, but although it is delicate it lasts well and holds its strength in changes of atmosphere. It comes in three presentations; an "Edition de Grand Luxe," a limited series of hand-made coffret and crystal bottles which will not be re-issued, a "Presentation de Luxe," and an "Envol Fantasy Amphora."

Lancôme have also created another version of their perfume "Flèches" which they call "Flèches D'Or." This has been possible because of some newly discovered raw materials which make "Flèches D'Or" entirely different from "Flèches," although Lancôme describe it as being of the same family. This, too, comes in three original presentations. It will also be obtainable in the gold and white series, and in Eau Flèches D'Or.

LEAVING the more glamorous products, I must acquaint you with something which should prove very useful throughout the autumn and winter. When members of your family run out of handkerchiefs owing to snuffy colds, you will welcome—as I have done—the new facial tissues called "Scotties." These tissues have the great advantage of wet strength which means that they do not easily disintegrate in water. They hold together when taking off make-up, or when blowing your nose, or mopping up any liquid that has been spilled. They also have a two-way dry strength which makes them useful for wiping glasses or polishing up silver, etc.

Lastly a new idea which may well prove a boon to mother with young families. Designed to make children regard first-aid dressings without fear, this idea has resulted in Junior Elastoplast which are the first and only dressings to be made especially for the young. They come in four bright colours, red, blue, green and yellow, and are very gay to look at. You can get Junior Elastoplast at most good chemists, put up in a gaily decorative tin, priced at 1s.



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**Cavendish-Tribe—Duncan.** Mr. Barrie Cavendish-Tribe, son of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish-Tribe, of Gravesend, Kent, was recently married to Miss Jane Duncan, daughter of Surgeon Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Duncan, of Chatham, Kent, at St. Luke's Church, Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham



**Elliott—Motion.** Mr. John Norman Elliott, only son of Col. and Mrs. Norman Elliott, of Tittensor Cottage, Tittensor, Staffs, married Miss Susan Anthea Motion, daughter of Mrs. Joane Motion, of Gore House, Bradpole, Bridport, and Mr. J. Trevor Motion, of London, at Loders Parish Church, Dorset



**Huxley—Best.** Mr. George Leonard Huxley, of All Souls College, Oxford, son of Professor and Mrs. Leonard Huxley, of Adelaide, South Australia, married Miss Davina Best, daughter of the late Mr. L. W. H. D. Best, and of Mrs. Douglas Bell, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, at St. Thomas of Canterbury Church, Woodbridge

## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Stone—Morris.** Mr. Richard Stone, son of Sir Leonard and Lady Stone, of Tarporley, Cheshire, married Miss Georgina Maxwell Morris, daughter of Mr. Maxwell Morris, of London, S.W.1, and Mrs. F. Morris, of Kensington, and Hayling Is., at the Temple Church



**Wood—Clay.** Mr. David Wood, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. Wood, of Co. Cavan, married Miss Anne R. Y. Clay, elder daughter of the late Capt. N. Y. Clay, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Clay, of Southsea, at St. Jude's, Southsea



**Le Poer Trench—Leslie.** Mr. John Le Poer Trench, who is the son of Mrs. C. F. Le Poer Trench, of Little Farnaby, Sevenoaks, Kent, married Miss Rosemary Anne Leslie, daughter of Mr. A. A. Leslie, M.C., and of Mrs. W. D. Clark, at St. Mary's Church, Kippington, Kent



**Brewer—Kellett.** Mr. Peter Edney Brewer, son of the late Mr. H. E. Brewer and Mrs. C. Brewer, of Colton, California, married Miss Wanda Margaret Kellett, daughter of Maj.-Gen. G. Kellett, C.B.E., of St. Alphage, Chislehurst, Kent, and Mrs. C. N. Kellett, late of Folkestone, at St. James's Church, Gerrards Cross, Bucks



**Jolliffe—Ing.** Mr. John Neil Hylton Jolliffe, only son of the late Major B. G. Hylton Jolliffe (late Scots Guards) and Mrs. Jolliffe, of Steeple Bumpstead, Essex, married Miss Eileen Mary Ing, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. H. A. Ing, of Jerards, Sandford Orcas, Dorset, at St. Nicholas's Church, Sandford Orcas



**Mugliston—Tod.** Mr. David Crichton Mugliston, T.D., elder son of the late Mr. F. H. Mugliston, O.B.E., and Mrs. Mugliston, of Argyll Road, W.8, was recently married to Miss Judith Anne Tod, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Tod, of Silverdale, Lancashire, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, S.W.7

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### *Motoring*

## SPACE AND COMFORT IN ESTATE CARS



AT THE TURIN SHOW exhibits included the roadster version of the new Fiat 1200 "Full-light," which has a fabric hood which can be folded away, and combines speed with economy, and (below) the Alfa Romeo "Giulietta S.S.," a hard-top sports car



INCREASED accommodation is perhaps the most noticeable advance exhibited by the cars of 1958, as forecast by the main motor shows of 1957. The "two-seater" has almost disappeared, while the estate car, taking about six people, is making rapid strides in popular favour. Manufacturers have also been paying more attention to providing luggage space.

The estate car is undoubtedly typical of the times. In Kelvin Hall a dozen different models were shown, including the Hawk estate car which takes six people and has increased seat width at both front and rear—an additional 3½ inches and 2 inches. It can be had with the Borg-Warner automatic transmission. Speed and general performance are, of course, similar to those of the Humber Hawk saloon.

In this same group there is also the new Singer Gazelle estate car which will take four people, or two people and a load of 700 lb. The latest Singers are available with overdrive. Also shown in the Scottish Exhibition were the Hillman estate car and the famous Hillman Husky.

Standard's Vanguard estate car has been mentioned before in these columns. I think it important that these new models should not be confused with the "shooting brake" as it used to be called; for they offer much greater riding comfort and are both externally and internally better finished. In fact, they have carried the refinements of the ordinary saloon into the larger transport field.

HERE are some more facts about the new Riley One-Point-Five which is priced at £863 17s. inclusive of purchase tax. The idea is to offer sports car performance in a saloon car having all the usual fittings and accessories. I have not yet tried this car, but the company tells me that 90 miles an hour is attainable.

The spare wheel is carried in a separate compartment below the luggage boot—always an advantage—and the boot itself is quite large. It has a lid which opens upwards, with an automatic stay. The doors are hinged at the front, a matter to which I attribute a great deal of importance, for many bad accidents have occurred primarily as a result of using rear-hinged doors.

Polished walnut is used for the facia panel and the upholstery is in leather. The doors have fixed handles with push-button lock release. The rear doors have arm rests. The engine is of one and a half litres capacity and has push-rod operated overhead valves. The high performance is partly attributable to the twin S.U. carburettors.

The Turin show was the place where the new Fiat 1200 "Full-light" car was first shown. Its most noticeable novelty was the arrangement for facilitating entry and exit, by the fitting of revolving seats. This car has a large curved rear window and is a four-door model. The finish available is of the duo-tone variety.

As is to be expected from Fiat the car is built for lively performance, with a top speed of 85 miles an hour yet with a fuel consumption down at about 33 miles to the gallon. A Roadster version has a fabric hood which can be folded away out of sight.

FRENCH Railways have sent me good news about the "car sleeper" arrangements for next year. They are proposing to run the Boulogne-Lyon service daily except Wednesdays from May 16 from Boulogne and from May 17 from Lyons. Moreover, they have decided to attach a restaurant car to the train between Laroche and Lyons for breakfast outwards and dinner on the opposite journey. The cost of taking the car and two passengers is upwards from £28 according to the length of the car.

While I am talking of France, I would like to commend the Paris scheme for easing the parking problem. It depends basically upon displaying on any parked car a device which indicates the time at which it should be moved. The French regard car parking as an essential part of the transport complex, a thing which is necessary if cars are to be useful to their owners. But they intend to set a time limit for the busy regions of Paris.

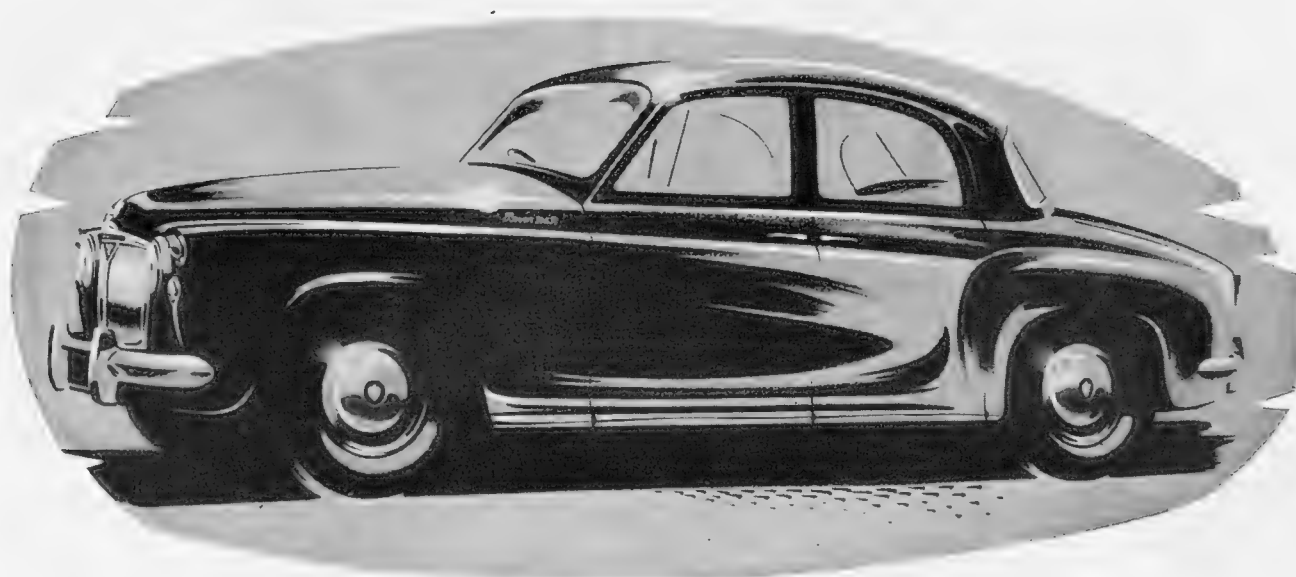
Even there the time limit is suited to the facts of life and enables a car to be parked for four hours in the middle of the day to accommodate the aperitif and luncheon interval! In London cars are often parked for that time in the middle of the day, but one despairs of the fact being honestly recognized, still less of it being accepted as reasonable. Yet the theatres as well as the restaurants in London are going to be hard hit if the threats to restrict parking to the narrow limits that have been proposed are implemented.

—*Oliver Stewart*

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ROBERT LUSH (right) director of the De Vere Hotel, Kensington, plans the day's menu with his *maitre chef de cuisine*, Raymond Serre, who worked with Marcel Boulestin

## DINING OUT

### Lucky tasting

WINE tastings continue, and invitations of one sort and another arrive from all directions. Many of them, of necessity, have much similarity of atmosphere, personnel present, and wines available. But sometimes, for one reason or another a tasting will remain particularly memorable.

Such a one was that given by Evans Marshall and Co., wine merchants of long standing in the City of London. This was to introduce their entry into the Bordeaux market on a large scale through their arrangements to represent Mahler-Besse and Co., who have very large stocks of château bottled wines.

Mr. Mahler-Besse was present in person, and so was Alain Burke Mialhe, who is not only an "Administrateur" of Champagne de St. Marceaux in Reims, but of Château Pichon Longueville-Lalande, some of whose wines were available at the tasting. The Burke side of his family hailed from Galway, and he told me that half the ruined castles and monasteries in that part of the world had been built by his ancestors.

The fortunate result of my meeting him at this tasting was that I am now in possession of the key to a fine old farmhouse in the remote district of the Landes in south-west France, very roughly between Bordeaux and Biarritz, and some twenty-five miles from Mont-de-Marsan, with many acres of wild land about which I may roam undisturbed and king of all I survey.

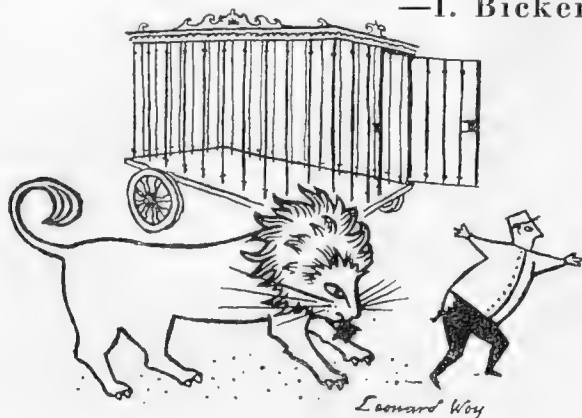
I mentioned to Alain that I always went to the more remote parts of France for my holidays because I loved the country and the people, and went on to say that one day perhaps I would win a huge prize in a "Lotterie de Kick Ball," and when I did, would try and buy some small property in that country.

"No need to wait," said Alain; "we have a fine old Landes farmhouse which nobody has lived in for years, but which we have preserved because it is beautiful—take it over—it will be a delight for us to know it is inhabited by somebody who will be happy there."

The only water available is from a well, but who cares, and marvel of marvels, there is electricity, because when they took electric power across the country by cable on pylons, they stopped for a while and laid it on to the house as they went by.

All I have to do now is go and buy a beret, which I shall wear incessantly as a mark of my new "dining out" territory.

—I. Bickerstaff



## DINING IN

### Cookers and cakes

ONE cannot use the cooking carried out by London housewives as a yardstick of what happens in Great Britain as a whole. Country folk and folk in smaller communities cook much as their grandmothers did—or rather they still retain many family recipes and take an inordinate pride in them. Home-made bread is a commonplace in the north of England but an exception in a London home. When it comes to Christmas fare, however, I think that even the busy city woman, who has little time for cooking, will turn to and make her cake and pudding. Young housewives, too, many of whom seem very much younger than those of a generation earlier, are often really interested in what might well have frightened older and more experienced brides.

At this point, I have just been interrupted by such a young housewife who was married in her teens. Without any training at all, she has attempted many cooking jobs from which her mother would have shied. Her query had to do with the baking of a Christmas Cake from a recipe I gave her several weeks ago. (Incidentally, a cake of this kind ripens and improves if made at least a month before it is required.) She tells me that the cake is a great success but that the top was slightly burned.

The temperature given was normally correct, but one does not know the kind of oven into which the cake will go—and ovens vary. In this case, I discovered that the oven was quite a small one which meant, of course, that the temperature should have been cut down by 25 or even 50 deg. F. Then again, the position of the cooker has much to do with the level of the oven heat. A cooker, for instance, which is in a draught will probably be on the cool side while one which is recessed may be in being slightly over-hot. It is well, therefore, to know your oven and the way that it behaves and to make allowances accordingly, regarding the given temperature as a guide, not necessarily to be followed to the exact degree.

An over-hot oven is more likely than one not hot enough. So, after two hours' baking, have a look at the cake and carefully close the door. From that one peep, it is possible to tell if the temperature is too high. The reverse is easier. If, after the given baking time, the cake seems a little pallid, draw it out very carefully and listen to it. (I shall refer to this presently.) If there is any hissing sound and the cake is too pale, return it to the oven and increase the heat, then leave it there just long enough to add more colour to the top.

Now for the Christmas Cake. First, grease a 9½- to 10-inch cake tin and line it with three thicknesses of greaseproof paper.

Cream 1 lb. butter and 1 lb. brown sugar. Sift together 1 lb. flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice and a pinch of salt. Add them to the cream mixture, alternately with 8 beaten eggs, but do not beat. Add 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. sultanas, 1 lb. raisins (all cleaned in the first place, of course), ½ lb. chopped mixed peel, 2 oz. chopped blanched almonds, the grated rind of a lemon, 1 dessertspoon rose water and ½ gill brandy or sherry.

Turn the mixture into the prepared tin and level off. Bake for 5 hours at 300 deg. F. or gas mark 1.

To prevent the cake becoming too dark during the baking, place a piece of greaseproof paper, with a small hole cut in the centre, over it.

Here is a test for "doneness": Listen to the cake when you draw it gently from the oven. If there is a hissing or singing sound, return it to the oven for a little longer, then test again. If there is no hissing, the cake is ready.

Another test is this: After 5 hours' baking, gently press the top centre of the cake with a finger. If there is sufficient resistance, the cake is done.

This cake can remain in the oven for 6 hours in all, with the heat turned off during the last hour.

Leave the cake in its tin until nearly cold, then gently turn it out on to a wire rack. When cold, store in a tin for 2 to 3 weeks before applying almond icing, then leave it for several days before icing it with Royal Icing. Before putting the almond paste on the cake, brush the surface with sieved warmed but cooled apricot purée.

Perhaps you would like to make a smaller cake? For one measuring 7 to 7½ inches across, halve the above ingredients and bake for 3¾ to 4 hours at the same temperature.

And now a few notes about dried fruits, applicable to those bought in bulk (not those in packets) which are sometimes very dry and not, perhaps, too clean. Several days before you intend to make the cake, pick over the fruit, removing all stem ends and "foreign matter." Place the fruit in a colander and stand it in off-chill water for a few minutes. Next, run cold water through it. Drain well and spread on a linen cloth. In a day or two, the fruit will be dry and beautifully plumped up, ready to be added to the other ingredients.

—Helen Burke



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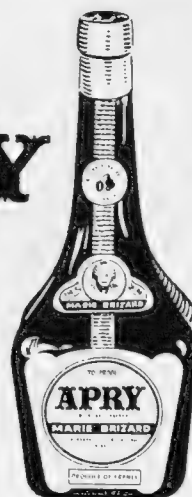
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Miss Penelope Hockley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hockley, of The Woods, Hatfield Broad Oak, Herts, is to marry Capt. John Robert Tozer, R.H.A., younger son of Col. and Mrs. A. Tozer, of Naro Moru, Kenya Colony



Basano  
Miss Ann Perry Whiteley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric C. P. Whiteley, of Tadworth, Surrey, is to marry Mr. Ian Morton Peterson, only son of the late Mr. D. M. Peterson and Mrs. Peterson, of Wembley Park, Middx

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Yevonde  
Miss Emily Stobart, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. K. Stobart, of Helme Park, Tow Law, Co. Durham, is to marry Mr. Philip Windsor-Aubrey, only son of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Windsor-Aubrey, of Wooddale House, Billingshurst



Lafayette  
The Hon. Edith Deirdre Handcock, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Castlemaine, of Rathmore House, Fiddown, Co. Kilkenny, has announced her engagement to Mr. Keith Moss, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moss, of Appleton, Lancs

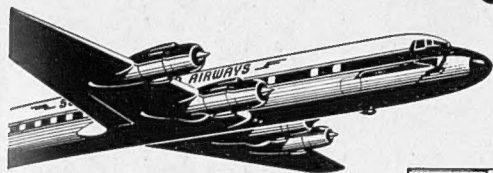


Harlip  
Miss Mariquita Frances Cleeve, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cleeve, of Glenconnor House, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, is to marry Mr. Robert Enys Hichens, who is the elder son of the late Lt.-Cdr. Robert Hichens, and of Mrs. Hichens, of Flushing, Cornwall



Vandyk  
Miss Carolyn Bridget Alexander, elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. N. B. Alexander, of Chartridge Grange, Chesham, Bucks, is engaged to Mr. Richard John Cheney, elder son of Brig. and Mrs. J. N. Cheney, of Sheridan, Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire

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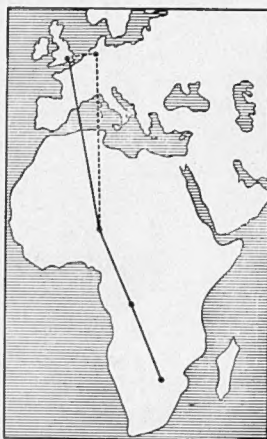
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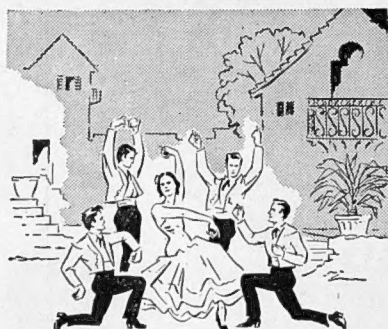
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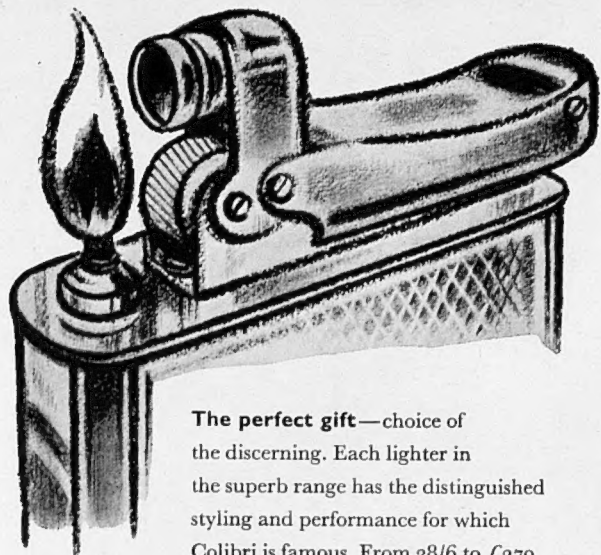
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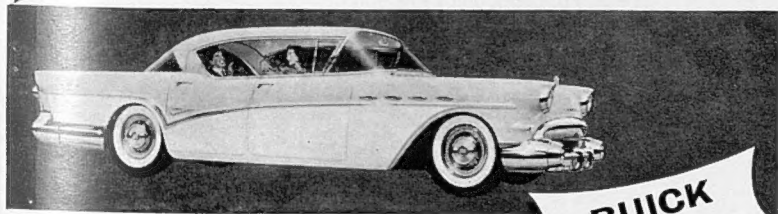


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